

THE OPTIMIST



DECEMBER
SENIOR NUMBER



WIRELESS SUPPLIES

A full assortment for the amateur.
Information and instruction FREE.
Our prices are right.

Newark Electrical Supply Co.
223 Market Street
Newark, N. J.

*Oldest and Largest Electrical Supply
Distributors in New Jersey*



THE OPTIMIST

DECEMBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

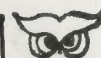
Ad Astra per Aspera

South Side High School
Newark, New Jersey



CONTENTS

LITERARY—	PAGE
To Our Alma Mater (Ballade) <i>by Frank Varmus.</i>	9
A Dollar Bill <i>by Esther Cohen</i>	9
A Triolet Romance <i>by Lorraine Saylor</i>	10
Billy Tries a New Girl <i>by Pearl Rudnewitz</i>	10
A La Orpheus and the Lute <i>by Joseph Marzel</i>	12
Class History <i>by Harold Kay</i>	15
Class Picture.....	16
Editorial <i>by William Zimmer</i>	17
School News.....	18
Senior Directory.....	22
Class Prophecy <i>by Larl L. Merphi</i>	43
Athletics	47
Slams and Salaams.....	54
30 Years Hence (cartoon) <i>by Elias Tischler</i>	57
PERSONALS—	
The Sheik of Araby (illustrated) <i>by Herbert Ellend</i>	58
Love Will Out (illustrated) <i>by E. A. Tischler</i>	59
The Predictor.....	62
In a Dream <i>by Sydney I. Rusinow</i>	64
Seniors (cartoon) <i>by Ira Kahn</i>	65
Autographs	66
Senior Side Show (cartoon) <i>by E. A. Tischler</i>	69



NO FEAR OF TEACHER SENDING HER HOME



Because KIL-VE is Used on Her Head

KIL-VE is a vermin destroyer.

KIL-VE kills the live vermin and positively destroys the eggs or nits that cling to the hair.

KIL-VE is not oily or sticky and is easily applied.

KIL-VE does not interfere with the color or growth of the hair.

KIL-VE is a household necessity. Don't be ashamed to ask for it.

Sold at All Drug Stores, 35c, 65c and \$1.25.

SCHWARZ'S KIL-VE

DESTROYS VERMIN ON CHILDREN'S HEADS

Printing
Promptly
Properly

COLBY & McGOWAN, Inc.
1201 Chestnut Street
Elizabeth, N. J.

ALFRED R. JAYSON

Piano Instruction

Studio: 42 Goodwin Ave., Newark, N. J.

DANCING

A Healthful Pastime

It is just as easy to Dance Correctly

Learn It At

M. C. RICHARD'S

School of Dancing

653 BROAD STREET

Eisele Bldg.



PURITAN ICE CREAM

is good old-fashioned Home-Made
Ice Cream

Made from pure milk, cream, fruits,
flavors and refined granulated sugar,
in a large, up-to-date plant equip-
ped with the newest and most sani-
tary devices. Its superior quality
never varies.

puritan
NEWARK'S FAMOUS
ICE·CREAM

*Old-Fashioned Home-Made
Ice Cream for Everybody*



THE OPTIMIST



THE SVET MUSIC STUDIOS

VIOLIN, PIANO, COMPOSITION
and ENSEMBLE PLAYING

708 HIGH STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Telephone Mitchell 2858



FOR CHRISTMAS

OR ANY OTHER TIME

The VICTROLA

Provides the BEST Entertainment for the Home

RICHARD H. VEALE CO.
Records Victrolas

499 CLINTON AVE.
Near Bergen St.

1008 SOUTH ORANGE AVE.
Near Smith St.

NEWARK, N. J.

High-Grade Positions

require high-grade Training. That's why you should attend Coleman—the school that has specialized in high-grade courses for sixty-two years.

New students accepted any Monday
Catalog on request. Market 7907

C-O-L-E-M-A-N

BUSINESS COLLEGE

ACADEMY and HALSEY STREETS

Newark, N. J.

One School — One Policy — One Standard

MOE LEFF'S

Grand Opening

Of Up-to-Date

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings

493 CLINTON AVENUE

Corner Bergen

Special Prices to High School Students

Phone 9054 Market

MORIS MILLER & SONS,
Inc.

Clothiers

211 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

Cor. Charlton Street

Newark, N. J.



THE OPTIMIST



Senior Chairman—SYDNEY RUSINOW

Editors

PEARL FINKELSTEIN
JEANETTE GOLDFINE

EVERETT O. BAUMAN
MARY JACOBS

SYLVIA S. STRAUSS
JOSEPH MARZEL

TO OUR ALMA MATER

(Ballade.)

By Frank Varmus.

The class of nineteen twenty-four
Now leaves these portals ever dear;
And as they'll shelter us no more,
We seal the deeds of our career
In softened hearts, with sigh and tear,
And face the future straight ahead.
For tho we're sad, we do not fear
The untried paths of Life to tread.

Before us looms a rocky shore,
Alone we make our way from here.
And tho this parting all abhor,
The future will not be so drear,
For mem'ries old will bring some cheer,
And by them ever we'll be led;
They'll help us, on the Great Frontier,

The untried paths of Life to tread.

We know not what Fate holds in store—
Howe'er severe it may appear,
Old lessons, learned in days of yore,
Will make ill fortunes less austere;
So we can thru them persevere,
And reach the goal *Success* instead!
They aid us when the sky's not clear,
The untried paths of Life to tread.

Envoy

Old South Side, school without a peer,
Your spirit firm's in us inbred;
You taught us how, in bygone year,
The untried paths of Life to tread.

A DOLLAR BILL

By Esther Cohen

There was a yelp of terror and a grinding of brakes. The huge red roadster came to a stop with a jerk, and the driver, white to the lips, stumbled out, and rushed back. A pitiful scene met his eyes. A little boy was sobbing his heart out over the mangled body of a little yellow dog. Almost instantly a large crowd gathered; the traffic stopped. The driver, a young man, dressed in a checked golf suit, was very confused and excited. It was by no means his fault that the dog had raced before the car, and then suddenly turned into its very path. The driver had applied the brakes and jerked the wheel, but in vain. The dog was merely a cur, couldn't be worth much, but the child had apparently suffered a great loss. Kneeling be-

side the boy, he patted him on the shoulder, and uttered words of comfort in his ear, and drawing his hand from his pocket, offered the boy a dollar bill.

A dollar bill!

The sympathetic old gentleman in the rear of the crowd was disgusted. A dollar bill? What a sum to offer to a sobbing boy! It should be no less than a five dollar bill! He hoped the child would refuse it.

A dollar bill!

The emotional young woman with the huge owl-like black-rimmed glasses, carrying a Corona in one hand and a brief case in the other, sniffed audibly. To think that a bit of dirty money could cleanse his soul of the stain of



innocent blood. A dollar bill! Of course he wouldn't take it.

A dollar bill!

The middle aged ribbon clerk in front of the crowd with a sandy cookie-duster, trembling on his lip and a hungry look in his eyes, tucking his volume of "Love Stories" closer under his arm, curled his mouth haughtily. A dollar bill to heal a broken heart! The boy would rise proudly to his feet, and tearing the paper to shreds, throw them in the pitiless creature's face, saying, "Wretch! What mean these things to me, now that you have slain my last friend?"

A dollar bill!

The boy raised his head, saw it, reached out his hand, took the bill and smiled gratefully.

"Thank you sir!" he said.

Together they picked up the limp form, and carried it to the gutter. The crowd soon dispersed, the auto vanished down the street, the little boy trotted around the corner, a happy look on his face.

The bystander hurried after him.

"You don't seem to take the little dog's death very hard, young man," he said a trifle reprovingly.

"Oh no, sir!" was the reply, "he wasn't my dog."

A TRIOLET ROMANCE

By Lorraine Saylor

A little maid with dark brown hair
She trod the halls of South Side.
So sweet was she with her dainty air,
A little maid with dark brown hair,
How gleeful, cheerful and how fair
With her lofty Senior pride,
A little maid with dark brown hair
She trod the halls of South Side.

A young man, he, with blue, blue eyes,
He had watched her from afar.
She seemed to him the greatest prize—
A young man, he with blue, blue eyes,
And tho of such diminutive size
She stood out clear and bright, a star.
A young man, he, with blue, blue eyes,
He had watched her from afar.

One day he approached this little maid
To aid her with her books.
At first he almost was afraid—
One day he approached this little maid.

But when her hand in his was laid
He saw just her shy looks
One day. He approached this little maid
To aid her with her books.

The little maid you must understand
Had considered *him* beyond reproach.
And as into his she slipped that hand
(This little maid you must *understand*)
When his brown face she quickly scanned,
On his good nature did encroach.
The little maid you must understand
Had considered *him* beyond reproach.

So thus this ends, as others end,
As one would hope, quite happily.
Best wishes, all to them did send—
So thus this ends, as others end,
Their hearts will never have to mend,
For they will not live scrappily;
So thus this ends, as others end,
As one would hope, quite happily.

BILLY TRIES A NEW GIRL

By Pearl Rudnewitz

Billy was pleased, as one could instantly perceive by his happy countenance. The face he continually turned to his pretty companion seated next to him on the train was beaming with unsuppressed joy.

Reflecting, he remembered distinctly the smoker two weeks ago at Jack's house. The boys, eight in number, had been discussing for the last hour and a half, songs, football, moving pictures, school lessons and then the popular subject to the boys-girls. Naturally they spoke of the coming frat dance.

"You know that cute little girl I took to the

party last week, boys?" had asked Jack. "Well guess what! She has promised to go to the frat dance with me. What luck! I didn't have the nerve to ask her at first, she being an Orange girl."

"Isn't that funny?" had put in Erwin, "I thought that I was the only fellow in this crowd to ask an outside girl to the dance. But I should worry! Could anyone be like Jane? And she lives in Montclair."

It had turned out then that each fellow had asked a somewhat unique girl, a new girl, a girl outside of New York to the coming frat



THE OPTIMIST



dance which was to be held in three weeks.

That is, all but Billy. He remembered that when each had revealed the name of his new beauty, they had turned to him with an interested gaze. Whom was Billy going to take?

"Why—why!" he stammered with humiliation, "I didn't know that this was going to be anything odd. I have asked, you know—Mary. I have asked her to all the other dances we have had this season, and I didn't know—but I don't care. Mary is just as nice and even nicer than any girl that you can find in the United States! I don't care!"

"Oh, of course," hastily put in Jack, "no one's saying anything against Mary. She's a nice kid. But don't you see, Billy, every regular fellow has a girl out-of-town. And we're growing up."

"Oh, don't blame Billy too much," added Nelson. "It's not all his fault that he's so small physically. Can he help it that he isn't even seen in a crowd? What could a girl out-of-town see in little Billy? He's all right, but he's not the type a girl likes."

Billy flushed with indignation and shame. He retorted he didn't care, but deep down somewhere in the recess of his heart he knew he did. Not that Mary had lost her attractiveness in his eyes, but, you see, he was one of the crowd, and he hated to be left behind in any of their new ideas.

The party had broken up about this time, and the boys yawning, were just preparing to leave when Billy had flung at them, "I'll show you fellows. You think I can't bring a new girl, huh! I'm not the kind they like, is that it? Well, I'll show! You may be built nicely but I have personality," the conceited Billy had said.

And luck had favored him. A new girl had just entered college, the sweetest and neatest bit of femininity conceivable, together with a bit of conceit. He had probed numerous students and after some trouble he had acquired the desired introduction. He had gone out of his way each night in order to see her to the trains. That night, sure of his conquest, he had deliberately, but not without some apprehension, phoned Mary and begged to be excused from the dance in that he had a very pressing engagement from which he could not possibly escape. He had pictured to himself with rebuke, with what heavy disappointment she had excused him.

And as a result, he was now on his way to meet the fair virgin's mother. It was with a thrill of ecstasy that he thought of the look of surprise the fellows would have on their faces

at the dance when he would stroll in, rather late, of course, to make the effect more startling, with his fair divinity on his arm. (You see, Billy had not informed the boys of his endeavors and success. That was part of the scheme, to keep it a secret).

The cool breeze of the perfect summer night rushed in thru the open windows of the rapidly moving train and fanned the flamed face of the immortal Billy.

His thoughts strolled back to Mary in New York. She would, in time, find out the truth, that he had attended the dance and had not gone stag. He writhed at the thought of the humiliation Mary would experience when she found out that she had been the victim of a wilful stand-off. The new dress, and shoes, stockings, and head-band, which she had bought, no doubt, by this time, would have been put away, useless, and would bear only bitter regrets for what might have been.

"Oh, some of the fellows intending going stag will ask her to the dance when they find that she isn't taken," said Billy to himself, trying to make amends with his conscience. "A good looking girl like Mary won't be left out."

"Were you speaking to me? I thought I heard you say something," asked the girl, Lillian, beside him.

"I was just thinking how pretty you look to-night," he replied.

The girl repaid him with a pretty smile, and Billy thought of all the other dances and parties to which he would take her in the future.

Billy was aroused from his deep meditations by the sudden stop of the train and the shrill voice of the conductor crying "Montclair."

The girl hurried him out of the small, crowded station into the reviving night air. After a few minutes' waiting the house was reached, and then, mounting the stairs they rang the bell. The door was opened by a stern looking middle aged woman, whom Billy, after a hazy introduction, found to be the mother of his charge.

They were together but a few minutes when the bell again rang and this time ushered in a crowd of young girls and boys. After the formal round of introductions, Billy edged his way to the side of his hostess, who was surrounded by a bevy of young men. He stammered, "I didn't know you expected company tonight."

"Company tonight! Why, in Montclair, friends come over every night," Lillian replied, which at once brought forth tittering sounds from the aforementioned young men and made Billy blush fiercely.



Billy had just about regained his composure when one of the girls remarked, "Oh, Lillian, do you know we are running our annual hay-ride two weeks this Friday. You're coming, aren't you? We'll have oodles of fun after having waited so long for it."

"What luck!" exclaimed Lillian, "of course I'll come. I just love hay-rides!"

Billy didn't know whether he was imagining this bit of conversation or had really heard it.

"But Lillian," he hurried to advise that young lady, "that's the night of our dance. Did you forget?" he added breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten that interfering dance," she rejoined, stamping her foot. "Of course, you'll excuse me, won't you? You see it's our annual affair and I really couldn't miss it, and I don't think mother will allow me to go to a dance outside of Montclair. I haven't asked her as yet. I'm sorry, but I can't go," she added with a final note in her voice.

Billy mechanically nodded his head, and having found his hat somewhere out of the number on the sofa in an adjoining room, he muttered a jumbled "good-night" and made a dash for the door. He descended the stairs unseeing and began retracing his steps to the station. The night, which, before had been perfect, seemed to be cold and dismal, and the air, which had been fresh and soothing, now seemed to choke him and ruffle his feelings.

He gave the conductor his return ticket and wearily found a seat. The face which had beamed with happiness before was now filled with despair. Billy was a sensitive person and now suffered the full extremity of humiliation

and shame. At first his heart was filled with bitter resentment against the girl who was responsible for his discomfort. But as the minutes dragged by, and the train bore him steadily on to New York, his mind became clear. Who was he to criticize Lillian's actions? He had committed just as great a wrong as she. The way he had tricked Mary was shameful. It only served him right.

After he considered he had sufficiently denounced and condemned himself, he decided on the proper course of action, a plan which would be satisfactory to both parties concerned and which he hoped would ultimately turn out well.

No sooner had the train reached New York than he bounced out and headed for the nearest phone booth.

"Central, Central! Hurry! This is an urgent call. Give me Stuyvesant 6104 in a hurry, please. Hello, Stuyvesant 6104? May I speak to Mary? What! She has gone to bed already? Would you please call her? It's very important. I know she would want you to—, Hello, Mary? Billy calling. You know that darn interfering engagement I had? What engagement! Why the one interfering with the dance. Well, I, that is—yes we, have decided not to have it. So will you? Don't you understand? The dance—doesn't it hold good? Of course, that's what I mean. You didn't think I meant someone else? How could I? It's all right then? Mary, you're wonderful, the most wonderful girl in the world! See you tomorrow night. Bye."

The receivers clicked happily.

A LA ORPHEUS AND THE LUTE

By Joseph Marzel.

"James! Go in immediately and practise—for two hours."

"Aw-w-w, gee-e-e, Ma—"

"Now, James, don't talk back! Start right in now or *Father—?*"

The daily interjections which his patient but hopeful mother used to promote peace between James' musical sympathies and the noble art of piano-playing, on the contrary, incited rebellion in James Jones' heart. The words "for two hours" still rang unpleasantly in his ears. Why *did* he have to spend two long, dreary hours at the piano, the notes of which, he was sure, never were made to bend before his clumsy fingers? Besides, where on the family tree extended a branch that swayed to the merry tinkle of music?

It just happened that his parents had developed

a liking for music; and he had to be the sufferer.

The "fellows" expressed their utmost compassion. They could roam the streets free, unbridled.

Altho his piano instructor, Professor Pianoforte Chapanoffsky (please accent on the third syllable) declared, "He eez verry goot; he will become a wonder," it mattered not; for the bewiskered professor realized that if he would preserve the influx of the dollars, the laudatory remarks must bear no relation to reality—whatsoever.

So, as usual, the two hours, most of which, I must confess, he spent in listening enviously to the shouts of his chums as they made merry outside, and in thinking of his sad plight, passed



THE OPTIMIST



rather unmusically; and painfully, for to-morrow came the weekly torture, his music lesson, accompanied by the disgusting presence of the "professor." He knew that his lesson was wholly unprepared, and as he stumbled over the keys he pictured his mother sternly observing his ignorance of the lesson and the teacher looking on with that naughty, naughty air, meant to impress the mother. Oh, the agony of it! His mother—well—she had been always an easy prey for the fakirs; but the "professor"—gr-r-r! If only he could meet him—alone—and with a club.

Even thru these distressing thoughts, nevertheless, the gnawing in his stomach persisted. So, the practising over, he prepared for supper. As his father, whose presence was necessary for the procedure of the meal had not yet arrived, he devoted the remaining minutes to glancing over the newspaper.

His eyes alighted upon an article concerning "dream lobsters." Now, this gastronomical delight had been making a stir thruout the country. Altho' its taste was delicious, this was its greatest attraction and what caused its enormous popularity: to each and every one who ate dream lobsters came pleasant dreams in which *the eater is the hero and conquers all his enemies.*

At that moment nothing could have satisfied James greater than the possession of a few of those lobsters. For thru his brain a supple vein of curiosity coursed its way, persistently seeking new worlds to conquer.

But his father had arrived; and under his arm was a package, the size and fancy wrapping of which indicated to James that it contained something not customarily seen in the household. The father explained:

"I stepped in the restaurant to-day and bought some dream lobsters; and I bought them especially for you, James." The sage parent knew his son.

But James was literally dancing in air. Dream lobsters! Just what he had wished for!

The lobsters were gobbled up voraciously and James' curiosity, now truly aroused, eagerly awaited its satisfaction. Thus he prepared for bed a few hours earlier than usual, and quickly undressing, awaited the dream of subdued enemies and blushing heroes.

But to his utmost irritation, sleep refused to come. He bitterly bewailed the fact: whenever he tried to go to sleep, the "sandman" would not come; but when no thoughts of sleep were on his mind, he would be, very soon, peacefully snoring.

At last the "sandman" relented, apparently, at

viewing the almost tearful consternation of James, and soon our hero was deep in slumber.

When he opened his eyes and cleared his wits, drugged with sleep, he found himself in a situation so impalpable that he at first doubted the mere existence of it. He was tightly bound to a stout chair, and an offensive gag had been placed in his mouth. Thru half-shut eyes he saw, at the other end of the room, two men, raggedly clothed and wearing masks, busily engaged in rifling the safe. A ray of understanding dawned upon James. He was a captive! But he was a captive in his own home! Surely enough; here was the dining-room, there the parlor, above the chandelier; all old acquaintances, more so because of their proximity to the piano. Apparently he had intruded upon the robbers, who had seized and bound him to the chair. How his encroachment had come about he did not know, and, strangely enough, entirely disregarded.

At last one of the depredators turned around and viewed the prisoner cynically.

"Mike," he said to his companion, "wot about the kid?"

Mike murmured something, inaudible to James, approached the captive, and declared in a tone which caused shivers to gambol about the helpless one's spine, "we're goin' to rob this house and do a good job of it; and we're goin' to put you out of the way. In about five minutes you ain't goin' to be *no more!*"

These words might have very effectively frightened James on any other day; but on this day he felt imbued with a Something that made him feel bigger, greater.

"You dirty scoundrel! You—" he shot back, fearlessly. He had succeeded in working loose the gag.

"Shut up!!"

This last forceful reply grimly reminded James somewhat of his mother's softer but equally impressive retorts—but where was his mother—and his father? Here was a glimmer of hope. But no; his parents had said that they would visit relatives in the neighboring city. And there, undoubtedly, they were.

James was gazing thoughtfully at the piano in the adjacent room. Even tho he incessantly grumbled over it, he felt a certain affection for the persecuted piano. If only he might play his favorite melody before he was—was—killed! His fingers, it seemed, just itched to pursue their usual occupation. To his great surprise, when he had voiced his request a moment later, the thieves assented:

"Yeh, sure. We've made a good haul and we'll



let you tickle the ivories before—" Here Mike loosened the ropes.

You may have expected James to leap out and smite the robber a terrific blow. But such was not the case. The thoughts of his beloved piano were uppermost in his mind.

As soon as he was freed, he ran to the piano, and after rubbing his fingers to free them from their numbness, touched the old, familiar keyboard. He was delighted to find his fingers agile and sensitive. A thrill passed thru him as he performed an exceedingly difficult movement without a flaw. Never before did he play as he played that night before the robbers. His fingers swept thrillingly over the keys, and the notes emitted that pearly execution his teacher had so long awaited. He fancied that he heard the Something urging him: "Play on! Play on! And on!" And he had responded sensationally, marvelously.

Meanwhile he wondered—surely the five minutes had elapsed. He looked around—*and what did he see!* Both the wretches were fast asleep! (How can snoring hide the truth?) They had been hypnotized by his wonderful music. He had rescued himself—

The birds were twittering merrily in the tree tops and the bright rays of the torrid sun were streaming in thru the window when James awoke from his heart-rending dream. So, after all, it had been a dream! That explained the confusion from which he had just emerged. Altho heart-rending it had been, he was sorry that the dream had terminated so soon. He would have liked to enjoy his victory more completely.

Suddenly, a wild idea entered his head. Slipping on a pair of trousers, he ran down, with great leaps, to the bookcase, and from a se-

cluded nook drew out a book, which he had thus hid to escape the discriminating eye of his mother. It bore the conspicuous title "Dreams." In the first chapter his eager eyes perused the words: "Dreams have an important significance upon everyone's life. What one is capable of performing in a dream he is capable of performing in reality." That was enough.

That afternoon the teacher came, supplementing his greeting with a sweet smile that had often made James' hands itch for want of a missile. The mother wondered greatly as James entered, bearing a cheerful smile. Usually he bore the look of one preparing to endure fiendish torture. Nevertheless, she took her usual seat from which she might peer severely at James, who was usually conscious of her critical glances. The teacher assumed a strict expression, James confidently moved the stool nearer the piano, and the mother leaned forward intently.

Right then and there James surprised them. The dream book had not lied. The notes bowed before his conquering fingers; they acknowledged their master. He swayed to and fro and with hand held high and with that soulful expression on his face greatly resembled a genius. Yes! for indeed a genius had been discovered.

* * * * *

If you hear of the famous pianist, Theophilus Rachmanewski, whose long tresses fall and rise with the various undulations, you will know that it is our old friend, James Jones.

And I have heard that Theo-er, James, being a philanthropic personage, personally manages a restaurant, when he is not playing in concerts, in which dream lobsters are sold as a specialty.

SENIOR THOUGHTS

(Rondeau-Redoublé)

By Lorraine Saylor

Four years of ups and downs in old South Side,
Where things have happened that we'll ne'er forget,—

For linked are they with all that we have tried,
And thoughts of them may often bring regret.

How often did we sit in class and fret
To be among those others, how we sighed,
For they, by lessons, were no more beset—
Four years of ups and downs in old South Side.

But were we all to travel far and wide,
To any other place we'd never get
Where we, for very long, would wish to bide—
Where things have happened that we'll ne'er forget.

We surely, all of us, some friends have met
To whom, with dearest thoughts of love, we're tied,

And anything they'd do we would abet,
For linked are they with all that we have tried.

How oft have we our cards, with trembling,
eyed—

And as our glances all those sixes met,
Before us, views of others, too, did glide
And thoughts of them may often bring regret.

But onward as we go we'll love her yet,
This school which is to us our joy and pride.
And in the mem'ry there will e'er be set
A thought recurring ever, as the tide—

Four years of ups and downs.



THE OPTIMIST



CLASS HISTORY

By Harold Kay

The first day of February, 1920, is one of the most memorable in the history of South Side High School; for it was on that day that the class of January, '24, the best class that our school ever did or ever will have, entered these portals of knowledge for the first time.

We immediately set studiously to work, resolving to better ourselves in every possible way, and succeeding for the most part. Our intellectual ability was trained by our academic work, to which we applied ourselves with great zeal; our athletic skill was developed by the daily lunch room rush and by the indoor sports which consisted of checker games and eraser battles; our courtesy was put to test by the politeness campaign then being waged, which was accompanied by brilliant posters, such as the following: "Sip soup noiselessly," or "Hats off on entering"; lastly, punctuality was emphasized by those tedious hours of detention which greeted any tardiness on our part.

A great moment in our young lives was that in which we became IA's, for we were much overjoyed at having successfully emerged from that state of 1B-ism which is looked down upon by the rest of the school. We were now, in our own estimation at least, prominent characters in this seat of learning and conducted ourselves as such. You might have heard some awed 1B inquire, "Is that fellow a Senior?" but the wise upper-gradesman would knowingly reply, "No, only a 1A".

Upon reaching our Sophomore year we decided that it was now time for us to embark upon the sea of school activity. Some became members of athletic teams, others secured positions on the staff of "The Optimist," while still others joined the Chess and Checker Club. We were now at that stage in our school career when we deemed ourselves far superior to those meek, insignificant Freshmen, and so it was with no scruples of conscience that we would unhesitatingly direct some strayed, timid one-bee to the gymnasium, when he had meekly inquired the location of the office.

So another eventful year went by, bringing us half-way thru our high school course and making us Juniors. Our Junior year was one productive of excellent results, for we excelled in our studies and continued the pursuit of school activities. We now assumed a dignified attitude, as we had finished half our course and were looked up to by lower classes. We now realized the truth of that famous verse from the bible in which some one (probably a Junior or Senior) has said, "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Our Senior year has been a crowning success; we have carried it thru with honors under the able guidance of capable class officers. We have had a vision of a serene sky before us clouded slightly perhaps by the thought of approaching examinations or the incessant cry of the treasurer for "Dues!"—whereupon we immediately search the nearest exit. Practically every member of the class has done his share to reflect glory on our school. Our illustrious football team has had as its stronghold members of the class of January, '24; our debating team, which can outrival any woman at arguing, boasts of some from our class; and last but far from least, the realm of musical activity captivates some from our class, as is seen by the fame of Seniors in this line spread thru the harmonica band (?) and the orchestra. Indeed, if you doubt our musical talent, just read our class song.

As we in retrospection call to mind these things, as we scan our past experiences in this revered school of ours, a wave of sadness steals over us at the thoughts of leaving these halls which have been the silent witness of our frolics, of our trials, of our honors. Yet this loss is partially retrieved by the thought of the future and all that it may have in store. So it is with hearts heavy, tho light, and sad, tho gay, that we bid to one and all a fond farewell.

Ad Astra per Aspera

Sad Farewell

(Rondel)

By Frank Varmus

Our last adieu too soon draws nigh,
And hearts are sad with sorrow true,
For we must bid thee, South Side High,
Our last adieu.

Our thoughts are gray, our spirits blue,

And we are not ashamed to cry,
For we must take our leave of you.

The years have flown, as years do fly;
Our hours with you were all too few—
The world is sad as we do sigh
Our last adieu.



CLASS OF JANUARY, 1924



WILLIAM ZIMMER

Next month will mark a turning point in the lives of the members of the Class of January, 1924. In that month our class will be graduated from South Side, and thus will be brought face to face with the major problems in life. It is at this period in our careers that the training acquired in our school will be fully demonstrated.

South Side's ideals are of the highest type, and if we would be successful in life, we must learn to practise them at all times. This, in itself, is one of the best ways by which we can repay the debt that we owe our school.

Thruout our days at South Side we were constantly urged to be loyal, to support the school in all its activities, to back with utmost effort any undertaking it assumed. Surely, we did our best in trying to live up to the reputation that all South Siders are loyal. Now, if after graduation, we practise the doctrine of loyalty taught at school, we will find it to be an asset of inestimable worth.

One of the most important lessons that we have learned is that of co-operation, its value and necessity. In studying the histories of different nations we have seen that co-operation has been one of the greatest factors leading to their success. And right here, at South Side, that fact has been demonstrated a great number of times. Co-operation was necessary to support our athletic teams, to make our plays successful, and to make our clubs prominent. Re-

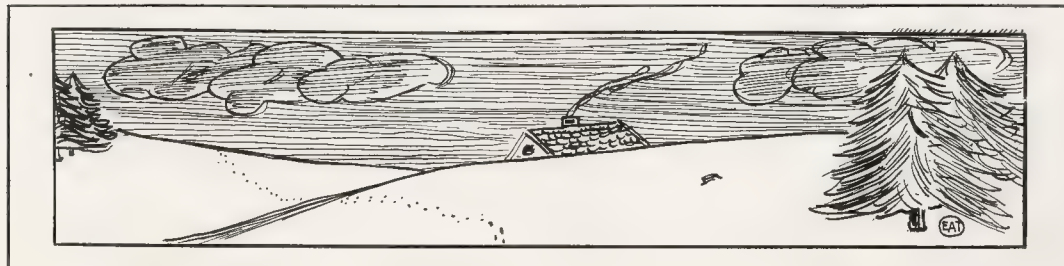
membering the value of co-operation will mean a great deal to us in later life.

Another fundamental, acquired in school that may play an important part in our lives, is perseverance. This was absolutely necessary for us to pass our subjects, for only by sincere application to our studies could we have got thru. Also, those members of the class who have tried out for the various athletic teams will recognize its importance. Perseverance is an essential for success, and therefore we will always be grateful for its being taught us early in our lives.

The fundamentals given above are but a few of those that have been instilled in us in our four years at South Side. Their worth, as already mentioned, is acknowledged to be very great. Therefore, the Class of January, 1924 realizes that its indebtedness to its Alma Mater is indeed a great one.

We regret very much to have to leave at last the school which has meant so much in our lives. We are sorry that soon we shall lose the daily intercourse with South Side's teachers who have been our friends, and have so earnestly tried to help us.

However, the hands of Time can not be set back. We must, therefore, thrust ourselves into the world with the determination to repay our great debt to our school by striving to be honorable just and loyal. South Side's ideals must always be ours. In this manner will we be able to pay back the debt we owe.





Senior, Chairman—HAROLD KAY

Editors

EVELYN AHRENDT
JACK FELDMANN

DAVID SOBO
PEARL SOLOMON

HELEN TEIMER

THEODORE ROOSEVELT HONORED

On October 25 an assembly was held in honor of the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt. In due respect to the Leader of the Rough Riders, the period was opened very appropriately by the singing of his favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Dorothy Johnston then read to us about one very interesting incident in the life of this great man. It was taken from the book, "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt," by Corrinne Robinson, and was called, "Roosevelt as a Reformer." It told us of a debate in which Roosevelt took part, and which he won by one word gained from the argument of his opponent. Mr. Roosevelt was on the affirmative side, and after having delivered his argument, his opponent succeeded him on the platform and attacked all "isms." His cleverness won the whole audience. Roosevelt knew that his one chance of winning lay in the refutation, and so, when the time for rebuttal came, he stood up on the platform and with one simple question won the favor of the judges. His words were, "What about Patriotism?"

The period was ended after an interesting talk by William Zimmer on "A High School Student's Impression of Roosevelt."

GRAHAM HUNTINGTON TALKS IN ASSEMBLY

Cavvy and Mr. Higgins Lead Cheers.

The assembly of October 30 was endowed with a great deal of school spirit. Never before could this spirit have been more aroused than on this occasion. A great event was coming—South Side's

tussle with Barringer and South Side showed its patriotism. Everyone was interested in the consequences; no—more than interested; it was of vital importance that we win this game.

The assembly program was begun in the usual manner, which is familiar to every South Sider after he attends his first assembly as a one B. An interesting speech which roused our spirits was that given by Graham Huntington, an alumnus, whose subject was the cheering part of football. His speech was well received and it was very interesting as it was enlivened by touches of humor. We appreciate his having the interest to come back to visit South Side, and we hope more alumni will do so.

Then "Cavvy" came up on the platform. His subject, of course, was the Barringer game. He appealed to South Siders to back our boys on the field. It is always interesting to the students to have a member of the faculty speak to us in assembly. It shows that they have an interest in us, and it is educational, also. Let's hope the teachers will take this hint.

After these speeches we were just about ready to give vent to our feelings and, accordingly, "Cavvy" made a motion that we practise our cheers and it was passed by the entire house. "Cavvy" and Jules Meyer led and we certainly DID cheer. We gave one after another, and then "Cavvy" asked Mr. Higgins to come up and give his cheer, which is the best one we have. After the cheering we sang our football songs. We really did enough cheering and singing to win the game.

After assembly the ticket agents were rushed, and so enthusiastic were the pupils that the air was sweetened with snatches of football songs for the rest of the day.



RABBI FOSTER AT SOUTH SIDE

Speaks About Newark and Newark Day.

Newark Day is a day important to all loyal citizens of our great city. On that day we should not only look back upon the great municipality that we now have, but we should also look forward to one it may become if all citizens co-operate to this end. These facts were impressed upon our minds last Newark Day, November 5, in an address by Rabbi Solomon Foster on "The Discovery of a Greater Newark."

Rabbi Foster said that the supremacy of our city along industrial lines is not to be overlooked. The vastness of our exports is familiar all over our nation; indeed, there is scarcely a branch of the manufacturing industry not represented in Newark. However, there is always an opportunity for improvement, and so our speaker proposed to us a journey to be taken by our citizens for the "discovery of a greater, a better, a nobler Newark."

A better city, he said, is obtained not merely by industrial development, but also by prosperity along intellectual and moral lines. A city whose standard in this direction is high will eventually become prominent industrially. Who knows the new means of power and of work that lie about us undiscovered? The power of transmitting the human voice over wires, of sending messages thru space without wires, and of preserving spoken words on records was in the earth from the beginning; but human intellect was not sufficiently ripe to discover them. Many more discoveries are possible if only men's minds become developed to grasp them. Who can say but that the fame of Newark may be spread broadcast thru some such great invention? All this we learned from this interesting and convincing address.

Our speaker concluded by an appeal for all to take this great voyage of discovery for a better city. As we left the auditorium that day we all experienced a feeling of determination to leave no stone unturned that would better the welfare of our city.

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATED

Nation's Dead Honored by South Side Student Body

November 11 is a day that should be dear to the heart of every true American. It is a day that signifies the defeat of the sword and the supremacy of the olive branch. It is a day when

everyone should pay tribute to our heroes who died overseas in order that the world be made safe for democracy. Therefore the entire assembly time on Friday, November 9, was devoted to appropriately commemorating this glorious day. Ruth Krauss opened the program with a beautiful selection, entitled "Tribute to the Unknown Soldier." She was followed by Seymour Emmerglick, who read Wilson's First Armistice Message to the American people. After Mildred Hoops' delivery of Grantland Rice's famous poem, "Tribute to our American Soldiers," Dr. Kennedy spoke briefly about the work done by South Side High during the war.

The exercises were then closed by the presentation of the Flag and the singing of the National Anthem.

ORATORS HAVE NOVEL MEETING

Decide Gov. Walton Should Not Be Impeached.

On the thirteenth of November, the Debating Club held its third meeting.

After the minutes had been read and accepted, a debate followed, with Louis Menk on the affirmative side and Isadore Plain on the negative. The question was,— Resolved: That Governor Walton of Oklahoma should be impeached. The judges made the decision in favor of Isadore Plain.

Leonard Cohen then gave a travelog on Paris, after which Sylvia Landau related the life story of and interesting facts about Daniel Webster.

As a whole, the program afforded much profitable entertainment to the audience.

The Executive Committee is arranging a program for the next meeting, which also promises to be a "humdinger."

STRING ENSEMBLE FORMED

Ten Talented Members of the Orchestra Compose Body.

Sometime during the past month, Mr. Gordon, conductor of our renowned orchestra, decided to pick the ten best players of stringed instruments and form them into a little group which could represent South Side at affairs where it would be impractical and incommodious to take an orchestra as large as ours at this time. Besides being more convenient to play at small concerts, the ensemble can undertake to reproduce the beautiful, tho intricate



A MODEST DECLARATION

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the Senior Class of January, 1924, to dissolve the bonds of friendship which have connected them with one another, and to assume among the citizens of Newark the important stations which their excellent education at South Side High School entitles them:

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that the Senior Class of January, 1924, is endowed with most remarkable accomplishments, admirable talents, and brilliant intellects.

The history of the present class is a history of repeated successes and attainments; having in direct result the establishment of the best Senior Class South Side has ever had.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to an impartial school.

Sidney Tabankin, oracle and star gazer, expounder of the theory of relativity, from whom there ever flows a stream of wisdom, a radiant exponent of the fourth dimension.

Lorraine Saylor, the song-bird of our school, we hope will soon enthrall the hearts of the music-lovers at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Hyman Paul, biologist, researcher extraordinary in zoology, who has discovered that a zebra is a pony in prison stripes.

Elias Tischler—a point of information for this enterprising young man. Rumor has it that Rube Goldberg has been asked to resign, and we suggest "Tish" to fill the appointment.

Emma Marino, gem of the laboratory of physics, scientific, redolent with the knowledge of specific gravity.

Marian Spitz—we bow our heads in reverence when Marian, with a wicked swing, shouts "Fore!" on Sabbath mornings.

Sydney Rusinow, whose knowledge of French is not confined to *n'est-ce pas* and *Qui, Qui*—some day he expects to say, "Je t'aime, ma chère," to a petite mademoiselle.

Pearl Rudnewitz, chief make-up artist of American beauties, expert chemical and color mixer, who believes in self-experiments.

Ira Kahn, aptest in the art of cutting; 1 B's who desire to emulate Mr. Kahn in this rare gift will stand by and listen in and hear him broadcast "How I Do It," from Station SSSS, next Tuesday evening.

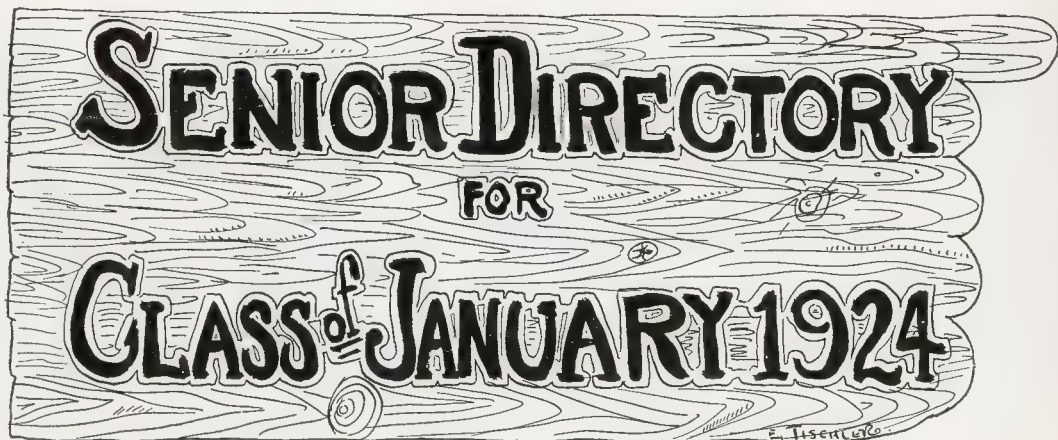
Morris Cohen, eloquent with strong emotion, expressive and fluent language—our persuasive orator.

Clarence Talisman, whose music surely is the cat's meow.

William Zimmer, the editor-in-chief of our famous *Optimist*, who cuts out most of our articles—but passed this one for publication.

We, therefore, the Class of January, 1924, publish and declare that our class is, and of right ought to be, the most astonishing Senior Class of South Side High School.

We hope the world will receive us in the spirit in which we go forth.



Editors

Chairman—JACK VOSS

SYLVIA S. SEE

HELEN TEIMER

Gram's High School Year Book

1924 - South Side

H.S. - Newark, NJ

Kluck, Genevieve

746 Bergen St.

"The smile that wins."

General

Normal

Krasner, Milton

299 Clinton Ave.

"Better late than never."

Football '21, '22; Baseball '22, '23; Track '20, '21, '22, '23;
Class Baseball '20; Class Basketball '20.

General

N. Y. U.

Krasny, Samuel B.

52 Hedden Ter.

*"Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors
than from his virtues."*

Class Baseball, '22, '23.

Classical

N. Y. U.

Kristal, Amelia

755 So. Twelfth St.

*"Very quiet and demure
Of that we can be quite sure."*

Glee Club '23.

General Latin

N. Y. U.

Kulis, Rebecca

74 So. Orange Ave.

*"How much lies in laughter;
The cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole woman."*

General Latin

Normal



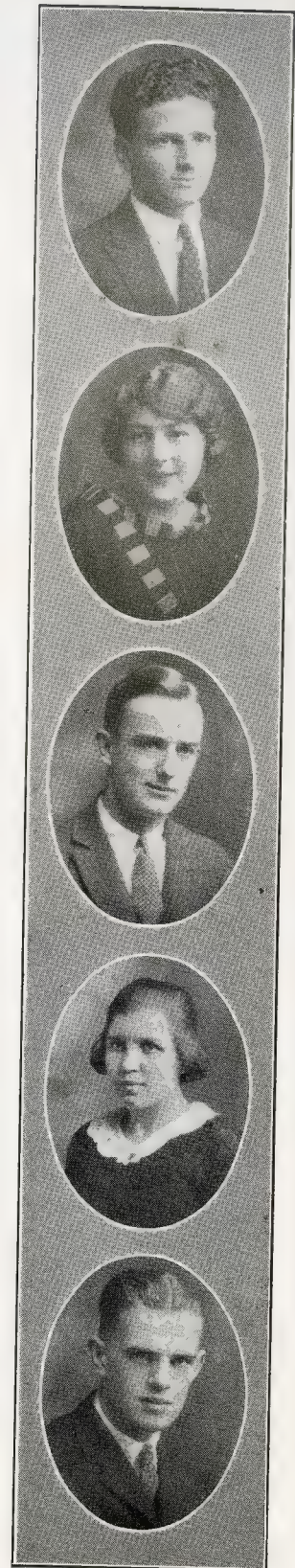
Laifer, Harold 35 Treacy Ave.
"With the smile that was childlike and bland."
 General Stevens

Lamb, Isabel 481 Hawthorne Ave.
"Some people are more nice than wise."
 Basketball '20; Hockey '21; 4A Social Committee.
 General Secretarial School

Lange, Harold J. 26 Nye Ave.
*"Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye,
 And a most noble carriage."*
 General Lafayette

La Plante, Della 334 Lyons Ave.
"Nothing but to learn her lessons, so studious was she."
 Hockey '22.
 General

Lee, John L. 15 Dewey St.
"Ah, why should life all labor be?"
 Football '20, '21, '22, '23; Captain Football '23.
 Classical Franklin and Marshall



Abel, Rebecca

315 Peshine Ave.

"They always talk who never think."

Optimist '23.

General Latin

Normal



Abrams, Anne

895 Bergen St.

"She with all the charm of woman."

Glee Club '21, '23; Dramatic Club '22 '23; "Clarence";
"Twelfth Night."

General French

Vestoff-Serova Dancing School



Adler, Louis

160 Boyd St.

"I am Sir Oracle; and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

Class Baseball.

Classical

N. Y. U.



Behrendt, Fred

10 Randolph Pl.

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

Class Football '21; Football '22

Classical

Dartmouth



Biber, David

386 Badger Ave.

"Thy only labor was to kill the time."

Class Baseball '20; Class Football '21; Optimist '22.

Classical

Columbia



*Beitman, Carolyn

80 Shanley Ave.

*"She's little but she's wise;
She's a terror for her size."*

1B Pennant; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Optimist '23.

Classical

Normal

Buchbinder, Leon

23 Seymour Ave.

"All I ask is to be let alone."

Football '23.

Classical

Undecided

Calabrese, Frank

299 Morris Ave.

"Thought without learning is perilous."

General

U. of Michigan

Carter, Wilma H.

25 Vernon Ave.

"A shy manner and a timid voice."

Glee Club '23.

General French

Normal

Cherny, Morris

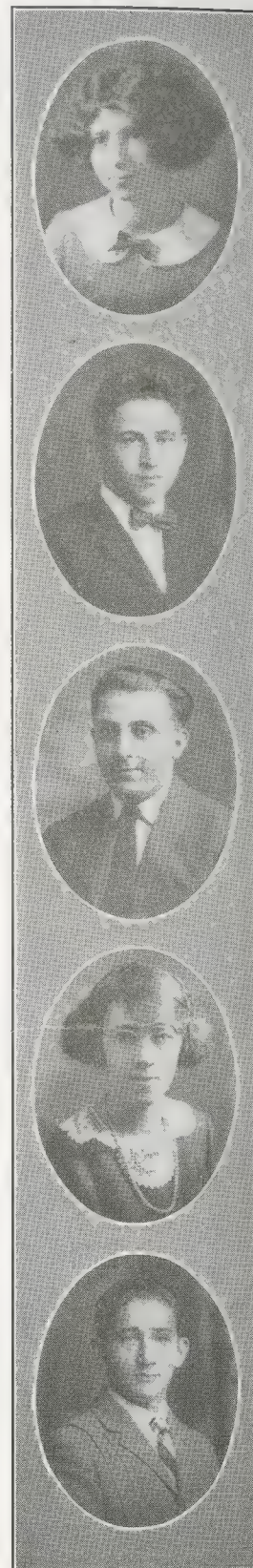
662 Springfield Ave.

*"His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home."*

Classical

N. Y. U.

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



Chimacoff, Hyman

263 Sherman Ave.

"His words are bonds.

His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth."

General French

Rutgers

Chrystal, Dorothy M.

85 Madison Ave.

"A sweet buxom lass."

Glee Club '23; Hockey '21, '22, '23.

Classical

Normal

Cohen, Benjamin F.

189 Prince St.

"Gifted with a ready and copious flow of language."

Class Football '21; Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Basketball '22; "Clarence"; Sergeant-at-Arms, Dramatic Club; "Twelfth Night"; Program Committee Debating Club '23; 4B Class Social Committee; Senior Optimist; Secretary Dramatic Club '23.

General Latin

U. of Michigan

Cohen, Esther

116 Milford Ave.

"A smile on her lips and the very devil in her eye."

Volley Ball '23; Punch Ball '23; Track '23; Hockey '23; Program Committee Debating Club '23; Senior Optimist.

Classical

New Jersey Law

*Cohen, Morris

72 Montgomery St.

"Spare your breath to cool your porridge."

Vice-Pres. Spanish Club '22; Pres. Debating Club '23; Captain Varsity Debating Team '23; S. S. Representative at Coigate Speaking Contest; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



Cohen, Ruth A.

781 So. 12th St.

"Beneath that calm exterior a deal of deviltry lies."

Hockey '21, '22, '23.

Classical

N. J. College for Women



Coopersmith, Bessie

104 First St.

"Quiet, modest and unassuming."

General French

Normal



Ellend, Herbert M.

95 Clinton Pl.

*"A tang of irony and keen observancy permeate
his discourse."*

Class Baseball '20; Varsity Baseball '21, '22; Optimist
'22, '23; Senior Optimist; "Twelfth Night"; Varsity De-
bating Team '23; Varsity Tennis Team '23; 3A G. O.
Representative; Class President 4B, 4A.

General French

Princeton



Ellison, Mildred

76 El Mora Ave., Elizabeth

*"To those that know thee not, no word can paint,
And those that know thee, know all words are faint."*

Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

Art

Pratt



Feuchter, Leonora

108 19th Ave.

"A modest manner fits a maid."

Classical

Normal



Friedlander, David 24 Avon Pl.

"Little said is soonest mended."

General

N. J. College of Pharmacy

Friedman, James

90 Goodwin Ave.

"Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity."

Class Baseball '21, '23; Class Basketball '21, '22.

Classical

Undecided

Garrigan, Bertram

124 Seymour Ave.

"The countenance is the index of the mind."

Class Football '20.

Classical

Stevens

Gipfel, Herman

173 Ridgewood Ave.

"Ah, how I love my sleep!"

Class Football '21; Class Baseball '23; Optimist '23;
Senior Optimist.

Classical

Brown

Gittleman, Benjamin

187 Johnson Ave.

*"Humor and intelligence mixed according to
perfect formula."*

Classical

Undecided



Gittleman, Isadore

187 Johnson Ave.

"The more I know I know, I know the less."

Glee Club '23; "Twelfth Night"; Class Baseball '20, '23.

Classical

U. of Penn.



Gittinger, Ethel M.

51 Pomona Ave.

*"Begone dull care!
Thou and I shall never agree."*

Hockey '21; Glee Club '20; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Secretarial School



Gluckman, Saul

444 High St.

"Whistle and she'll come to you."

Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Basketball '20; Senior Social Committee.

Classical

U. of Penn.



Haft, William

549 Clinton Ave.

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Classical

St. Lawrence U.



Heim, Viola

57 Boyd St.

"The windy satisfaction of the tongue."

Gym Exhibition; "Midsummer Night's Dream."

General French

Normal



Hochberg, Max

202 Hillside Ave.

"And let him be sure to leave other men their turn to speak."

Classical

N. Y. U.



Jacobs, Mary

118 Ridgewood Ave.

*"Night after night,
She sat and bleared her eyes with books."*

Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Cornell



Jervis, Norman

631 Highland Ave.

"Rather new in our midst, but has won many friends."

Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Undecided



Johnston, Dorothy

105 Bigelow St.

*"More than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care."*

Basketball '20, '21; Hockey '20, '21, '23.

General French

Normal



Johnston, Katherine

33 Beverley St.

*"I have heard of the lady and good words went
with her name."*

General French

U. of Maryland



Kahn, Ira

87 Chadwick Ave.

"I shall lead them to victory."

1B Representative; Varsity Track '20, '21, '22, '23; Varsity Football '21, '22, '23; Optimist '23; Senior Optimist; Chairman Social Committee 4A; Vice-President G. O. '23; Class Basketball '20, '21, '22; Class Baseball '20, '21, '23.

Art

U. of Penn.

Kalisky, Fred

132 Springfield Ave.

"Who thinks too little and who talks too much."

Football '21.

Classical

New Jersey Law

Kaplan, Sam

202 Prince St.

"I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin."

Class Baseball '20, '21, '23; Class Basketball '20.

Classical

N. Y. U.

*Kay, Harold

196 Clinton Ave.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Optimist '21, '22 '23; Senior Optimist; 1B Pennant; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Undecided

Kessel, Myra M.

370 Hunterdon St.

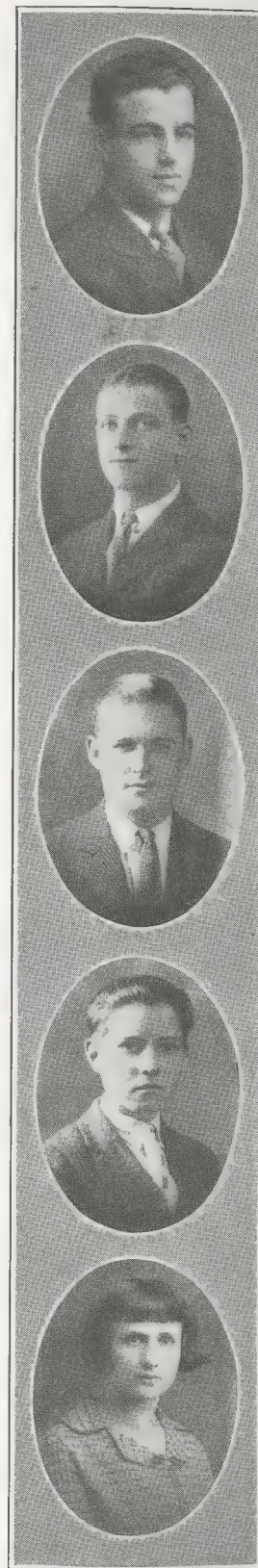
"Knowest me not by my clothes?"

Color and Motto Committee.

General

Normal

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



Litwin, Moe

53 Girard Pl.

"Tall, dark, handsome, and besides——"

Secretary Radio Club '22; Vice-Pres. Radio Club '23.

Classical

N. Y. Law School



Marino, L. Emma

174 So. 7th St.

*"Her hair was long, her foot was light, and her
eyes were wild."*

General French

Undecided



Marx, Sam.

77 Hillside Ave.

*"I wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."*

Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '21.

General

Cornell



Marx, Solomon

77 Hillside Ave.

*"All the great people are dead and I'm not feeling
well myself."*

Class Treasurer 4B, 4A.

General

Cornell



Melrod, Abram Irving

255 Avon Ave.

"Not to advance is to recede."

Orchestra '20, '21; Class Baseball '20, '21; Class Football
'20, '21.

Classical

Jefferson Medical College



Menk, Jeanette E.

164 Johnson Ave.

*"And her sunny locks hang on her temples like
a golden fleece."*

Volley Ball '23; Class Punch Ball '23; Hockey '22; Glee
Club '22, '23; Secretary Glee Club '23; Optimist '23;
Chairman Personal Board '23; Senior Optimist.

General

Barnard

Miller, Hilda

67 Sherman Ave.

"I would have sports uppermost."

Hockey '20, '21, '22, '23; Basketball '20, '21, '22; Basket-
ball Championship '22; Track '20, '23; Volley Ball; Punch
Ball.

Classical

Harvard Phys. Ed. and Normal

*Miller, Ralph

79 Baldwin Ave.

*"Rapid of speech, rapid of mind,
And as fine a man as you can find."*

Optimist '22, '23; Senior Optimist; Class Baseball '21,
'22; Class Football '21; 1B Pennant; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

U. of Penn.

Mueller, Wesley

893 So. 19th St.

*"Perhaps he may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."*

Track '22.

General

Undecided

Paul, Hyman

12 Treacy Ave.

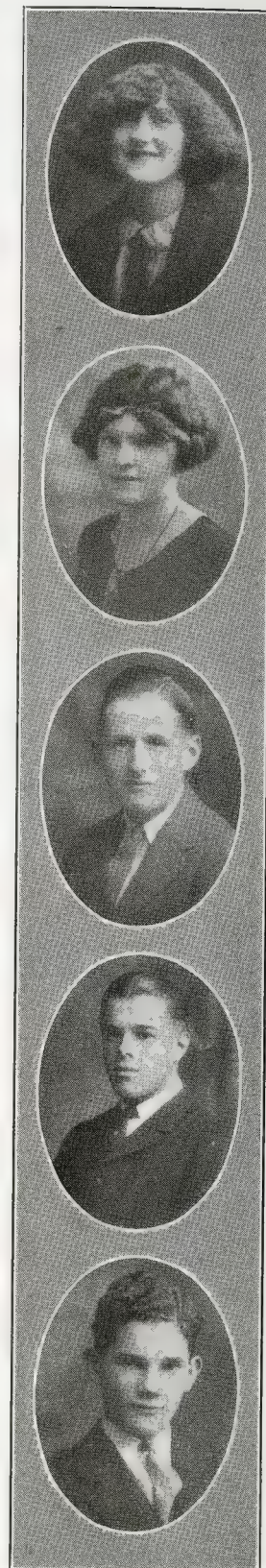
*"Questioning is not the mode of conversation
among gentlemen."*

"Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Roses of Tara"; "Twelfth
Night"; Tennis Team '22, '23; Vice-Pres. Spanish Club
'22, '23; Optimist '22; 4B Social Committee; Pres. Dra-
matic Club '23.

General Spanish

Syracuse

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



Phillips, Harry 290 Belmont Ave.

"What should a man do but be merry?"

Class Basketball '21, '22; Class Football '22; Track '22, '23; Class Baseball '21.

Classical

N. Y. U.

Pressler, Jeanne

54 Rose Ter.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Class Basketball '22; Class Volley Ball '23; Hockey '23; "Twelfth Night"; Debating Team '23; Optimist '23.

General

N. Y. U. Law School

Rathsprecher, Jean

105 Leslie St.

"Simplicity and truth dwell in her heart."

General Latin

Normal

Reback, Leonard

7 Hillside Ave.

"I've been dying for four years; now I'm goin' to live."

Track '21; Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Football '21; Class Basketball '21, '22.

General

N. Y. U.

Reichlin, Suzanne

116 Milford Ave.

"Even tho' vanquished she could argue still."

Basketball Championship '22; Track '23; Volley Ball '23; Punch Ball '23; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Clarence"; "Twelfth Night"; Student Director of "Twelfth Night"; Secretary French Club '23; Secretary Debating Club '23; Secretary 4B Class; 4B Social Committee; Varsity Debating Team '23; President Debating Club '23; Senior Optimist.



Relles, Nathan

529 So. 19th St.

"But there's a gude time coming."

Class Baseball '20, '23; Class Basketball '20, '22; Class Football '21, '22.

Classical

New Jersey Law

Rosen, Mary

215 Hillside Ave.

*"A happy smile for every day
She gives to all who come her way."*

Classical

Syracuse

Rotberg, Louis

108 Treacy Ave.

"With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek."

Orchestra '20, '21, '22.

General Latin

U. of Penn.

Rudnewitz, Pearl

285 Seymour Ave.

*"Women were made before mirrors, and have been
before them ever since."*

"Midsummer Night's Dream"; Senior Optimist.

Classical

Columbia

*Rusinow, Sydney

187 Osborne Ter.

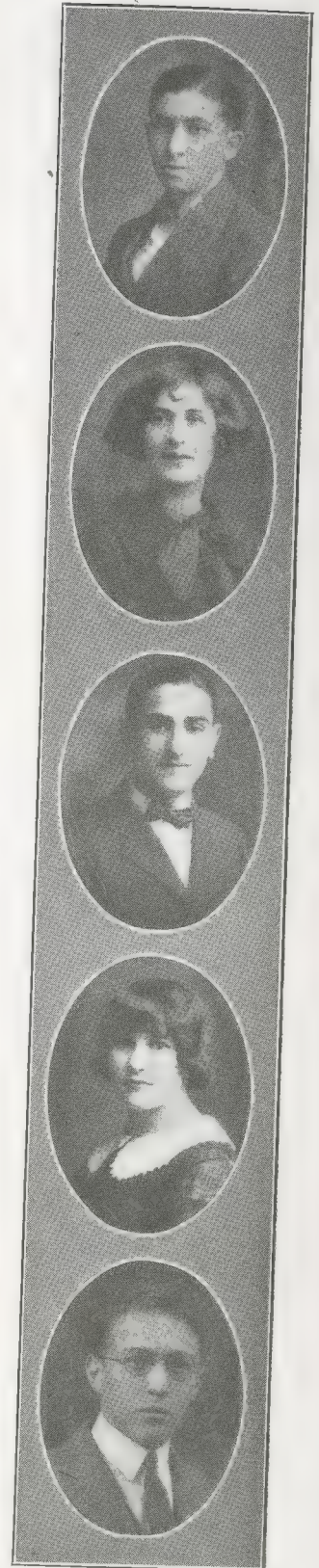
"He probes the innermost recesses of thought."

Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Football '21; Vice-Pres. Radio Club; Executive Committee, Senior Optimist; Chairman Literary Board, Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Princeton

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



Saylor, Lorraine

311 Chadwick Ave.

"She poured out the liquid music of her voice."

1B Pennant; Secretary Biology Club '20; Glee Club '21, '22; "Roses of Tara"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Twelfth Night"; Volley Ball '23; Senior Optimist.

General

Undecided



Scheuer, Isabelle J.

104 Hillside Ave.

"A glass! A glass! My Queendom for a looking glass."

Glee Club '22, '23; "Twelfth Night"; Senior Optimist; Punch Ball '23.

Art

Syracuse



Schwartz, Edward

123 Lillie St.

"An athlete to the core."

Football '21, '22, '23; Class Baseball '21, '22; Vice-Pres. G. O. '23.

General

Undecided



*See, Sylvia S.

82 Seymour Ave.

*"She's pretty to walk with,
and witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."*

Optimist '23; Chairman Exchanges Optimist '24; Senior Optimist.

General Spanish

Columbia



Shaw, Adelaide

226 Runyon St.

"Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever."

Color and Motto Committee.

General

Normal



*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.

Scheck, Florence

50 Treacy Ave.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

"Midsummer Night's Dream"; 4B Social Committee;
Senior Optimist; Secretary G. O. '23.

Classical

N. J. College for Women

Simon, Morris

575 So. 10th St.

*"Three silences there are, the first of speech, the second
of desire, the third of thought."*

Track '22; Class Baseball '21.

Classical

U. of Penn.

Singer, Gertrude

126 Ridgewood Ave.

"The sight of you is good for sore eyes."

Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Hockey '20, '21; Vice-Pres.
Sketch Club '23; Chairman Color and Motto Committee;
Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

Art

Undecided

Spiegel, Simon

55 Peshine Ave.

"True to your word and your work and your friend."

Baseball '22, '23; Class Basketball '20; Class Baseball '21.

Classical

N. Y. U.

Spitz, Marian

32 Fabyan Pl.

*"It would talk,
Lord, how it talk'd!"*

General Latin

Normal



Steinberg, Benjamin. 260 Belmont Ave.

"The saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.'"

Class Basketball '21; Fife and Drum Corps '22, '23; Orchestra '22, '23.

General N. J. College of Pharmacy

Tabankin, Sidney 322 Hillside Ave.

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

General Undecided

Talisman, Clarence 129 Quitman St.

"Music tells no truths."

Class Baseball '21, '23; Chairman Ex. Committee, Debating Club '22; Chairman Social Committee 4B Class; Orchestra '20, '21, '22, '23; Concertmaster '21, '22, '23; Student Conductor '22, '23; "Clarence"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Twelfth Night."

Art New Jersey Law

Teimer, Helen D. 104 Hillside Ave.

"A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay."

Optimist '22, '23; Chairman School News '23; Senior Optimist.

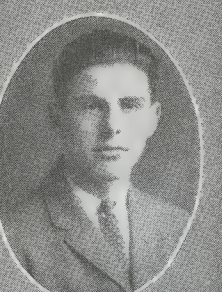
Classical N. J. College for Women

Tischler, Elias A. 859 So. 18th St.

"He adorns all that he touches."

Class Baseball '21; Class Football '21; Optimist '23; Senior Optimist.

Classical Fawcett



Turk, Celia 108 Barclay St.
"Happy am I, from care I am free."
 Glee Club '21, '22.
 Classical N. Y. U.

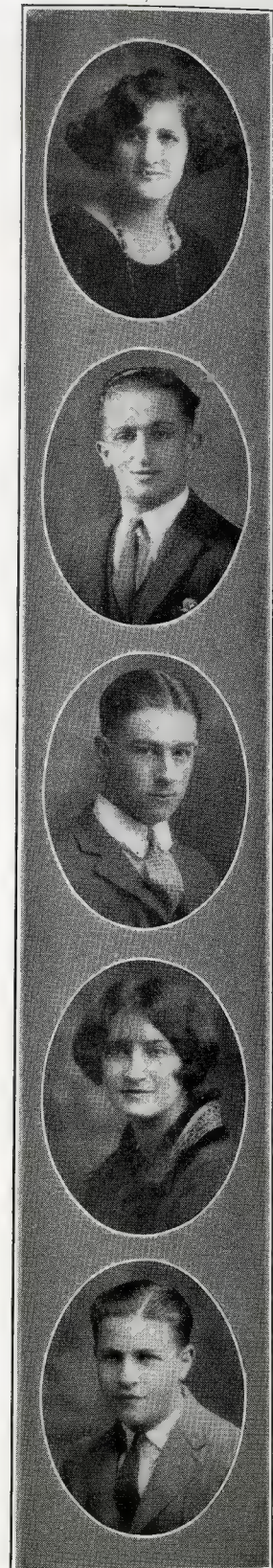
Turk, Jack 108 Barclay St.
"Tho' he was rough he was kindly."
 Classical N. Y. U.

Vanderhoof, Frank G. 533 Hawthorne Ave.
"All's well that ends well."
 General Spanish Undecided

Van Moppes, Marion 120 Clinton Ave.
"I'm a terrible vamp, I am."
 Basketball '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '20, '21; Glee Club '21;
 4A Social Committee.
 General Columbia

*Varmus, Frank 17 Murray St.
"And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side."
 Optimist Board '21, '22, '23; Chairman Athletic Board
 '22, '23; Chairman Athletic Board Senior Optimist; Ex-
 ecutive Committee Senior Optimist; Class Baseball '20,
 '21, '22; Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Football '21, '22;
 Principal of School, Boys' Day, '23; First Prize Perma-
 nent Industrial Exposition Essay Contest; Ass't Man-
 ager Football '22; Manager Baseball '23; Secretary 4A
 Class; Secretary G. O. '23.
 Classical Princeton

*Denotes student has been on Honor Roll 20 times or more.



***Voss, Jack**

53 Treacy Ave.

"The word impossible is not in my dictionary."

G. O. Representative 2B, 2A; Optimist '23; 1B Pennant; Chairman Directory Board, Senior Optimist; Executive Committee Senior Optimist; Class Baseball '21, '23; Class Football '21; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Princeton

Weiser, Fred

42 Kunyon St.

"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it."

Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22, '23.

Classical

U. of Michigan

Weissman, Meyer

267 Livingston St.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Baseball '21, '22; Class Soccer '22; Chairman Class Entertainment Committee '20.

Classical

U. of Missouri

Wilder, Harry

541 So. 19th St.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,

I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

Class Baseball '21; Baseball '23; Color and Motto Committee 4A.

Classical

New Jersey Law

Wolf, Samuel

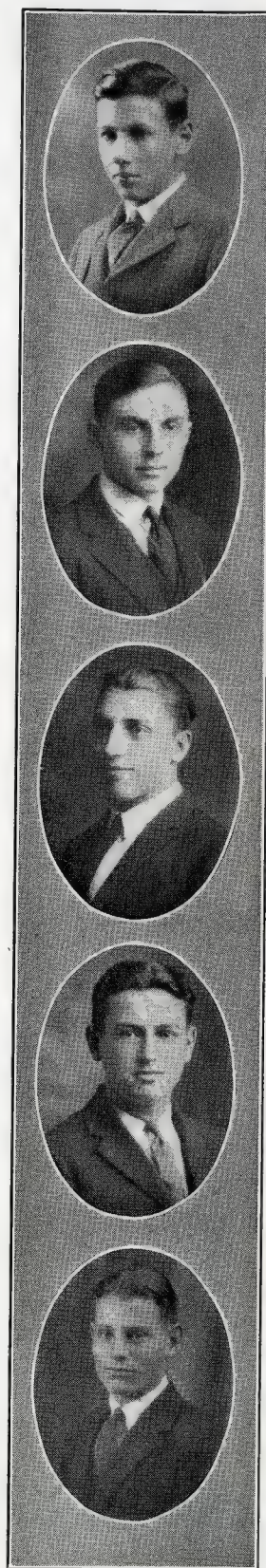
189 Osborne Ter.

"Es to my principles, I glory in hevin' nothin' o' the sort."

Class Basketball '20, '21; Class Baseball '20, '21, '22; Varsity Tennis '23; Assistant Manager Football '22; Manager of Football '23; 4B Social Committee; "Twelfth Night"; Optimist '23; Vice-President 4A Class.

Classical

U. of Penn.



* Denotes student has been on Honor Roll twenty times or more.

*Zimmer, William

103 Lyons Ave.

*"But sure the eye of time beholds no name so blessed
as thine in all the roll of fame."*

Track Manager '23; Class Baseball '21, '22; Vice-President 4B Class; Class Football '21, '22; Optimist '21, '22; Associate Editor Optimist '22; Editor-in-Chief Optimist '23; Editor-in-Chief Tenth Anniversary Number; Editor-in-Chief Senior Optimist; Honor Roll Medal.

Classical

Columbia

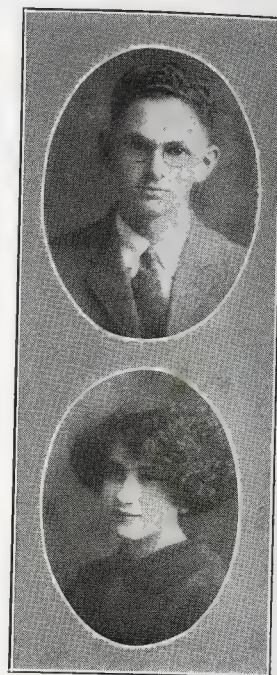
Zoller, Martha

5 Treacy Ave.

*"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."*

"Twelfth Night"; Glee Club '23.

General



Stein, Joseph

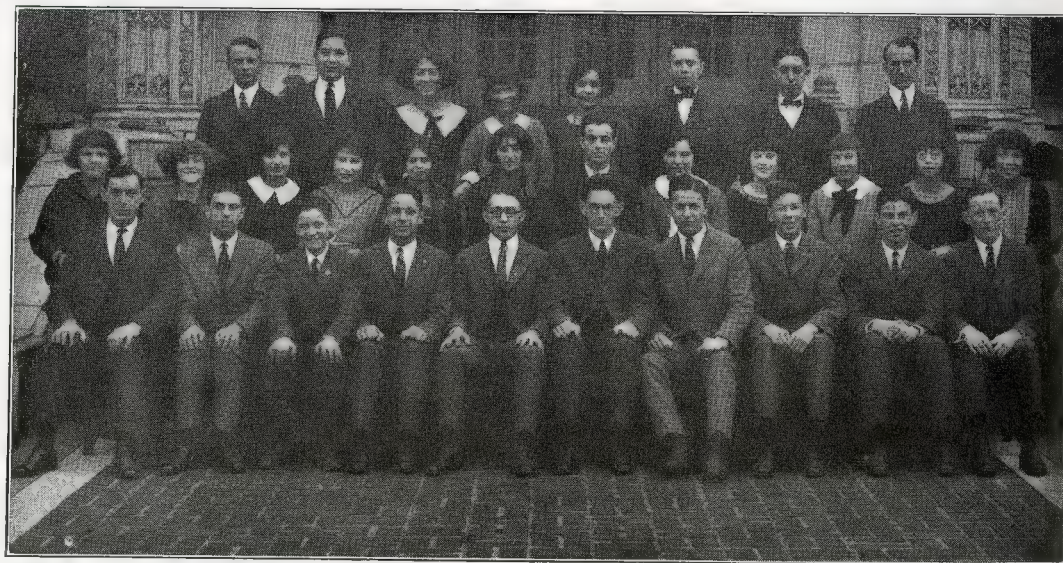
258 Belmont Ave.

"Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool."

General

New Jersey Law

* Denotes student has been on Honor Roll twenty times or more.



SENIOR OPTIMIST BOARD



THE OPTIMIST



CLASS PROPHECY

By Larl L. Merphi.

One evening in the year 1939, while I was listening in on my radio to a thrilling bed-time story, just as the grand climax was about to be reached, some queer sounds suddenly interfered and spoiled everything. At first I "cussed" in fourteen different languages. But a moment later I thought that this might be a message from Mars, or some place, so I immediately set to work to tune it in. I soon found the correct adjustment and made out that it was station S. S. H. S. calling. Could it be * * *? My conjecture was confirmed when a clear-cut voice announced, "South Side High School broadcasting."

This statement revived tender remembrances within me. Fifteen long years had passed since my graduation in January, '24, from dear old South Side; but it seemed to me only yesterday that I was passing the happiest years of my life at school. And then a sense of shame crept over me. I had made no effort in all this time to keep in touch with my classmates. What could they be doing at this moment? I, for one thing, was not a world-famous figure. Here I was in Moscow, of all places, leading a shiftless and obscure life. But how had my friends fared?

I was brought back from my reverie with a jolt when I heard the following: "Hello, Merphi; hello-o, Merphi; hello-o-o-o, Merphi. South Side High School calling." Was it possible? They were calling me. Me!

Recovering from my astonishment, I threw over a switch connecting up with the transmitting set and answered that I was ready to take the message. This was the import of the message that I received: "To-morrow South Side is celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary. A special feature will be a reunion of the class of January, '24, the best class that ever went thru this school. You are cordially invited to attend. Come and meet your old friends. Pardon us for letting you know so late, but we were unable to 'raise you.'"

With joy I accepted that courteous invitation and promised to be there "with bells on."

I had only ten minutes in which to catch the last passenger plane for the United States that night. Without even taking leave of my landlady (or paying the rent), I jumped out of the window into my flivverplane and turned her nose toward the station at London.

Fortunately, I arrived on time. I was surprised to see a huge black and gold sign bearing the inscription "The Sunnyside Limited," dangling from the cab of the plane. As I clambered on board, who should I stumble into but

Myra Kessel, all decked out in a trick uniform. She told me that she was captain of the very ship in which I was going to sail. Myra always was a "high-flier." I asked her why the "Sunnyside Limited" sign, and she replied that her ship had been so named for the occasion because every soul on board was bound for South Side's class reunion.

I immediately began to make a tour of inspection of the passenger cab in order to renew some of my old acquaintances. The first ones I met were Sam Kaplan and Fred Weiser. I exchanged greetings with the pair and learned that Sam was a wealthy bologna manufacturer, while Fred was his private secretary and general business manager. Fred always was very capable of managing other people's affairs. Next, I came across Jack Turk and his loving sister, Celia. Jack was returning from an extended tour of the Latin countries, where he had tried to increase his already great knowledge of the dead language. Celia, like the devoted sister that she is, accompanied Jack at all times and soothed him whenever he became violent.

Just then somebody tapped me on the shoulder and I wheeled about to find myself face to face with David Biber. "Dave" motioned me to follow him. He led me into his room and, after carefully locking the door, unearthed his private stock, which he offered to sell at \$10 per. So there were rum-runners even above the clouds in these times!

I made up my mind to clear out of this unholy, or rather illegal, place as quickly as possible. As I dashed out into the companionway I collided with and bowled over none other than Benjamin Gittleman, who was carrying a tray of soft drinks. "Bennie" let me know that he was working his way across the Atlantic as a cabin boy. After excusing myself, I passed on.

The dinner bell rang and I uncorked a sprint for the dining-room. Since I had always been a champion lunch-room sprinter at South Side, I easily beat out Isabelle Scheuer, Jennie Rathsprecher and Max Hochberg to the "chow." During the course of the dinner I discovered that Isabelle was the ambassador to Spain and Jennie was an essayist who contributed to the well-known periodical, "The Sunday Morning Bed Post." The meal was served up by Bertram Garrigan, who was working as a waiter. "Bert" let on that William Haft was master of the kitchen. When soup was served, Max Hochberg, famous inventor, demonstrated his latest creation, the soup-spoon silencer.



THE OPTIMIST



After dinner I went into the smoking compartment and there met several more former South Siders. Norman Jervis was returning from the Samoan Isles, where he had been engaged as a missionary. He had been assisted by Ethel Gittinger. I was pleased to also see my old friends, Saul Gluckman, Harold Laifer and Morris Cherney. Saul informed me that he was a stockbroker, and said that Wilma Carter was his stenographer. I found out that Laifer was a shyster lawyer and that Morris was his office boy. Morris came out with the statement that he was serving in his present menial capacity only in order to pick up his employer's profession.

At this point the plane came to a sudden stop and Myra sang out, "Here we are! Newark, N. J." Everyone tumbled out and dashed for the trolley car. Who should collect our fares but Bessie Coopersmith, fair conductorette? The motorman of the same car was none other than Katherine Johnston. We were pleased to hear that both these girls would be at our party, since "Jack" Lee, President of the Public Service, had granted them a half holiday.

At last the much anticipated moment arrived. I was once more at the threshold of my Alma Mater. Everyone was assembled in the gym, so thither I made my way. As I neared it, a subdued hubbub of voices reached my ears, and when I entered, a thunderous outburst of greetings welcomed me.

What a grand and glorious feeling did I experience! Everyone was still very familiar to me. I was naturally curious to know what each of my classmates was doing to earn his first million, so I inquired of each one what profession he had taken up.

As I was pushing thru the crowd, I stepped heavily upon some one's toes and was going to offer an apology, but I found my victim to be only Hyman Chimacoff. "Chimi" gave me to understand that he was a multi-millionaire bean king. He had recently done a great service to humanity in donating to our school a new beanery.

In such a mob it was impossible to approach everyone, so I begged "Chimi" to tell me what he knew about our classmates. "Chimi" responded, "Elias A. Tischler has pursued his natural inclination toward art. 'Tish' just completed his masterpiece, 'Don Quickshot at the Inn.' Louis Adler, the greatest living likeness of Cervantes's hero, was persuaded to pose as Don Quickshot. David Friedlander posed as Sancho Panza. Since no horse was handy, James Friedman graciously consented to represent Rocinante.

"Several of our classmates are employed in this

school at present. Leonora Feuchter is study hall teacher. Hilda Miller is an instructress in gym, Leo Buchbinder is the janitor, and Sylvia See is the matron. Frank Vanderhoof is gaining fame as a truant officer. Frank's success is said to be due to the fact that he knows all the favorite haunts of the cutters.

"As you may surmise, Sydney Rusinow has distinguished himself in the sciences. He won the Zeke Prize for 1935 of ten billion paper marks. The Zeke Prize was offered by "Zeke" Zimmer, the great philanthropist, for the most valuable discovery in chemistry in that year. "Syd" has succeeded in formulating the theory of the "Revolution of Matter." No one yet has been able to understand this ingenious theory.

"Rebecca Abel has become a dressmaker. Wesley Mueller, after years of research work, has perfected his non-skid spaghetti. Edward Schwartz continued to scintillate in athletics after leaving South Side. He played left out on the University of Vladivostok's football team for four years, and then took up the coaching responsibilities for Flap-Jack College's tiddleywinks teams. Ira Kahn took third place in the pole-vault in the last Olympic meet—only three competed. Leonard Rebach has also made a name for himself in athletics. He recently won the international open African golf championship.

"Several members of the Class of '24 are in politics. Frank Calabrese is boss of the Republican Party. The rear of Frank's saloon is reputed to be a favorite meeting place for all the leading Republicans. Sue Reichlin is congresswoman from New Jersey and "Bennie" Cohen, as you may expect, is a Senator. Hyman Paul has argued his way to the position of Speaker of the House. "Sol" Marx is Secretary of the Treasury. Louis Rotberg is Police Commissioner of Newark. Under his regime Newark has gained the name of the 100 per cent. dry town.

"Samuel Wolf is working as a glass-blower in order to get rid of his excess of hot air. Harold Kay has completed his wonderful Virgil Pony, and, and-d-d."

Just as "Chimi" was getting winded, some one announced that an entertainment would be given by the theatrical stars of the class, and everyone crowded about the temporary platform erected for the purpose. The first performer was Anna Abrams, who favored us with some clever bits of acting. Anna, following her natural talent for acting, had become the star of Harold Lange's latest production, "Temptations of 1939." Chorus girls in the cast were Ruth Cohen and Genevieve Kluck. Next on the program was Lorraine Say-



THE OPTIMIST



lor, universally famous prima donna who, much to my delight, sang "Far, Far Away." The following number was a dance by Herbert Ellend, successor to Rudolph Valentino as foremost interpreter of Spanish dancing. "Herb" was the matinee idol at Sam Krasny's theater. Esther Cohen, who collected tickets at this theater, said that Marian Spitz and Pearl Rudnewitz attended every one of "Herb's" performances. After "Herb" came "Sid" Tabankin, a ventriloquist. "Sid" tried to fool the public, but he didn't fool me. I recognized his dummy, who really wasn't so dumb after all, to be Benjamin Steinberg. The final number on the program was a bit of humor by "Freckles" Phillips, vaudeville comedian.

At the conclusion of the entertainment I was going to mingle with the bunch when Florence Scheck took me by the arm and drew me to one side. Florence, a popular society hostess, was at the head of the committee arranging the party. She insisted that I help serve the refreshments. As this would give me an opportunity to come in contact with more of my friends, I accepted. Jeanne Pressler and Rebecca Kulis had volunteered to help and were already in the booth. These two girls were waitresses at Frank Varmus's hash house.

The first person to come up for punch was Abram Melrod, walking arm in arm with Gertrude Singer and Adelaide Shaw. "Abe" took enough time out between gulps to disclose the fact that he was a manufacturer of women's clothing. "Gertie" was his designer and Adelaide was the model.

Next came a bevy of girls, among whom I singled out Mildred Ellison, Isabel Lamb and Martha Zöller. Of course, I asked my usual question, "What are you doing with yourself these days?" From this group I gleaned the following facts: Mildred Ellison was a hairdresser, Martha Zöller was a well-known notary public, and Isabel Lamb was a lady of leisure. Isabel was waiting for "Jack" to get up enough nerve to pop the question.

Carolyn Beitman passed by the refreshment booth, but she didn't deign to look at me. She was all puffed up since coming off with the Queen's Prize at the Asbury Park baby parade. I even saw her snub Fred Behrendt, prominent member of the Beef Trust.

Soon afterward I served a plate of cream to Morris Simon. When Simon pocketed the plate and spoon and started to walk off, I was going to spring at him, but Amelia Kristal arrived on the scene and began to explain Morris's behavior. She said he didn't steal things wilfully, but he

was a kleptomaniac. His was a peculiar case. He imagined himself to be in a Botany classroom and everything he handled he thought was a pencil. I was perfectly satisfied with this explanation. Amelia then told me that she was a member of the S. P. C. A. She was detailed on this case to see that no one should injure Morris.

"Hook" Krasner and Nathan Relles next greeted me. From their conversation I was able to make out that "Nat" was trying to stick "Hook," a real-estate agent, with some life insurance.

"Well, well, if it wasn't Meyer Weissman meandering along!" Meyer was greatly delighted to meet me. In answer to my standard interrogation he told me with great pride that he was an expert barber. Meyer always had believed that "if you want a thing well done, do it yourself." In his youth he never could find a barber who could cut his hair properly. Hence his decision to follow the tonsorial art. Meyer's first chance to try his skill came when Jeanette Menk applied to have her hair trimmed. Meyer didn't mind doing the job so much and he didn't charge her the price of seven hair cuts because he said he needed the practise anyhow. Before leaving, Meyer whispered in my ear that he had employed Helen Teimer as a manicurist.

The supply of refreshments had just been exhausted when the orchestra struck up a lively tune, and I hurried to get a partner. Mary Rosen gave me the first dance. Mary, I discovered, was a dancing teacher. Of course, the leader of the orchestra had to be his royal highness, Clarence Talisman. I had the second dance with Dorothy Johnston. "Dot" stepped on my pet corn (or did I put my foot under hers?) and I let out a yelp. "Dot" told me that if I wanted that corn removed I should go down to her office, for she was an expert chiropodist.

At the end of the dance some one called for silence and announced that telegrams had been received from those who were unable to attend the gathering. Mary Jacobs, an elocutionist, wishing to show off how distinctly she could talk, volunteered to read off the messages. Thus spake Mary: "The first message comes from Morris Cohen, forcibly detained at Sing-Sing. Morris bemoans the fact that he has been cast into a dungeon for trying to excite the employees of Viola Heim's hair-tonic factory to strike. Morris says that his misfortune is made easier to bear because the warden at the jail is his friend, Joseph Stein. "Joe" shows great partiality to his star prisoner, even allowing him the freedom of the jail.

From Overbrook comes the news that Moe is



members of the track team in 1923 were Hilda Miller, Esther Cohen, Sue Reichlin and Leah Jelling. Hilda, our star, came in second in the high jump, second in the standing hop, step and jump, and second in the running hop, step and jump, and as a result got the silver medal, taking second place in the meet. Quite an athlete?

Leah Jelling, next in line, took first place in rope-climbing, captured third place in the sixty-yard dash, and was on the winning relay team. Her reward was the bronze medal, signifying third place in the meet.

In 1922 a gym and dancing exhibition was given at the Armory. Most of the girls took part in the dancing exhibition. Hilda Miller and Sue Reichlin were in the model basketball game as side center and forward, respectively.

Volley ball and punch ball also played a part in the athletic life of the girls. Jeanette Menk, Jeanne Pressler, Leah Jelling, Esther Cohen, Hilda Miller, Sue Reichlin and Lorraine Saylor all helped their team to victory.

Taking all in all, we have had a goodly array of sports, in which our girls have shown their skill. And we feel sure that if they continue, their records will always be the highest possible.

The Substitute

By Herbert M. Ellend

The substitute that's knocked about,—
He never gets a lusty cheer,
The short, the tall, the lean and stout,
Unheard of thru the livelong year.

His uniform is ancient gear,
His raiment makes one laugh and shout,
For who is he who knows no fear?
The substitute—that's knocked about.

The opposition knocks him out,
His actions call forth jeer on jeer,
Tho teammates call him, "good old scout,"—
He never gets a lusty cheer.

His spirit goes unsung down here,
And no one says a thing about
His playing, tackles front and rear,
The short, the tall, the lean and stout.

His fumbling makes the coaches pout,
No shouts of praise ring in his ear,
He puts the backfield men to rout,
Unheard of thru the livelong year.

The man who doesn't shed a tear,
Because he gets a husky clout,
Whose face remains begrimed, austere,
Recalls to mind, without a doubt—the substitute.

SCHWARTZ WRECKS EAST SIDE

"Ed" and Teammates Unleash Avalanche That Buries Opponents In Tallies

South Side's powerful offense got into full swing Saturday, October 28, when Dr. Kennedy's pigskin-chasers amassed a total of 43 points against the supposedly formidable East Side gridders. Our backfield combination, minus the services of the sterling "Calahan" Holzman, literally swept the Maroon eleven off their feet. "Eddie" Schwartz proved more than ever his claim to an all-state position, while "Umby" Hanson gave evidence of being a candidate for the berth of fullback on the all-state eleven.

The Black and Gold warriors started off with a rush, "Ed" Schwartz kicking off to East Side, who soon lost the ball without ever making a first down. However, the Down-Neckers showed lots of spunk and held our boys scoreless in the first quarter.

In the second quarter, however, the Ironbound battalion found an entirely new Sunny Side eleven. Our boys just smashed the entire East Side team. Schwartz kicked to East Side's twenty-yard line. The Maroon immediately tried some forwards, but failed miserably. Then the Black and Gold started in with a rush, and with some pretty playing by our whole team, "Umby" Hanson finally broke thru for our first touchdown of the game. Kahn's try for the extra point was blocked by an East Sider. It was not long before our boys were again parading down the field, "Ed" Schwartz going thru the line for a touchdown. Here the adding machines were put into play, for our boys piled them up so quickly that to keep count was well-nigh impossible. A minute after the previous touchdown, our battering ram, "Eddie" Schwartz again scored on a pretty twenty-five yard run around the Maroon outpost. Here the half ended with our husky gridders showing the way by a 18-0 score.

When our boys went for their fifteen-minute rest, the South Side cheering section just about went wild, and until both teams took the field to resume hostilities again, pandemonium reigned in the Sunny Side section.

In the third quarter the Black and Gold again showed its superiority over East Side by making a straight march down the field, Schwartz and "Umby" repeatedly tearing the East Side line to pieces. However, the Maroon eleven braced suddenly and held our boys on their eight-yard line. East Side, however, could not pierce our line for any substantial gain, and was forced to kick.



Kahn, who played a fine game, ran the ball back to East Side's thirty-yard line. Then line smashes by Schwartz and "Umby" put the pigskin on the one-yard line as the period ended.

In the final quarter the Black and Gold just buried the Ironbound gridders. On the very first play in this quarter "Calahan" Holzman broke thru the opponents' line for another six-pointer. Ira Kahn then kicked the only successful goal of the game. Again our powerful machine got going. Ira collared a neat aerial pass from "Ed" Schwartz and dashed thru a broken field for forty yards and a touchdown, only to have the ball brought back because one of our men was off side. On the very next play, however, "Umby" caught the forward and repeated Ira's stunt, racing forty yards for a touchdown.

Immediately after this six-pointer our pigskin-chasers pulled off another forward combination, Schwartz to Heller, bringing the spheroid down to the eighteen-yard line. "Umby" and "Ed" got going again, and Schwartz again dashed around end for a touchdown. But our irrepressible "Ed" Schwartz was not ready to quit yet, for a moment later he snatched an East Side forward from the air and waltzed forty yards for our final score of the game. In this last quarter our boys displayed a brilliant attack that dazed the East Side eleven. The final score was: South Side 43, East Side 0. Our entire team played remarkable ball, and Al Saldutti and Faas were the shining players for East Side:

The summary:

South Side.

East Side.

Ramaglia	L. E.	Brugler
Lee (Capt.)	L. T.	Condit
Goldstein	L. G.	Orban
Kress	C.	Kawfer
Brooks	R. G.	Davis
Fisher	R. T.	Saldutti
Lowy	R. E.	Keegan
Kahn	Q. B.	Rappaport
Schwartz	L. H. B.	Faas
Muntrick	R. H. B.	Cluesman
Hanson	F. B.	(Capt.) Goldberg

Worse Than That

By "Egg" Lange, '20

Those students of South Side who have real good memories will remember an article I wrote for this paper a year ago under the title of "Not So Good," and if they will but compare last year's result with the 14-0 drubbing we received on November 3 from our old jinx, Barringer, then they will appreciate the full meaning of the above title. It was the same old story and, as

no doubt all of us recollect the sad events only too well, I think it best to record only the more important ones.

Our long-distance punter, Hanson, kicked off and the entire first quarter seemed to consist of two hacks at the line plus an end run followed by a kick. Altho both teams did this, nevertheless our foes steadily forged nearer to the wrong end of the field till at last, when the quarter ended our boys were backed up on our own twenty-eight-yard line. We, of the cheering section, sent out a mighty call to "Fight! Fight Fight!" but even tho the boys did their best, the inevitable was upon us. A short forward to our old friend Brundage brought the ball to our sixteen-yard line, and then Breithut, "the Barringer Batterer," advanced it another seven yards, making first down. On the next play, Ciccone found a hole in South Side's line thru which he tore and planted the pigskin over our goal. Of course MacDowell kicked the goal and we got a glimpse of the famous multiple kick when he did it. So ended the first half with the score 7-0 against us. While the boys were resting, we all had a great old time singing our battle songs. If anyone else were writing this I know that they would describe in detail all that transpired between the halves, especially an *illustrated* song we *staged*, but it is far better for me to confine myself to the game itself.

Well, here we are now at the start of the second half and our boys sure are up on their toes. On a series of short forwards we brought the ball down the field till there were but six lean yards to go to tie the score. Did we yell for a score? We almost pleaded, but it seemed that the inevitable had to happen again, and we were held for downs. I know that after this supreme effort and failure on our part there were many alumni and students who were ready to condemn the team for having no punch, but within the next ten minutes every member of the team showed that this was not so. Can you picture the feeling in eleven hearts under the same number of Gold jerseys as they stood there in the shadow of our opponents' goal posts, only to be repulsed and have our big chance to score taken away? I know that at some time we all have experienced a similar feeling, but I wonder if any of us came back as well as the warriors led by "Jack" Lee. Barringer took the ball and started a series of off-tackle plays that were little short of marvelous. It was a case of Breithut thru the line for six to eight yards—a tackle—there he lay with "Eddie" Schwartz pinned to his knees. The latter certainly covered himself with glory by his



superior backing-up of our none-too-strong line, and I enthusiastically second every nomination for his selection on the mythical all-state eleven. Barringer forged on and on till finally our hearts came up and started to choke us, for where was the ball but on the seven-yard line. Do you recollect that only ten minutes ago we were in the same place at the other end of the field and since then we had not only been repulsed, but also every member of the team, excepting the unconquerable "Eddie" had been literally shoved off his feet and hustled down the field? Remember tho, the South Side line always holds near the goal, and did our boys show their true S. S. spirit? Well—they held on the five-yard line—a crash—they held on the one-yard line—a crash—they held on the one and seven-eighth-inch line. Who says that the "Stonewall" spirit of the famous General Jackson was not present? Well, we all remember that Hanson kicked to our thirty-seven-yard line and on the first play a forward from Breithut to Brundage allowed the latter to race around right end for the second Barringer tally. Score: Barringer 14, South Side 0.

That is the way the battle ended, but I feel confident that had there been less mud our forward and end runs would have more than offset Barringer's line bucks. Perhaps the most successful feature of the afternoon was the South Side cheering. I have had the privilege of leading our cheers since way back in 1916, and the only time that this exhibition was surpassed was at the memorable massacre of 1919. If I may do it, I want to take this means of congratulating all the members of the student body for the way they are filling the places of us members of the alumni who must move on, and if the showing made this year is a criterion of the real school spirit of South Side, then I know that every member of the squad should do his best, so that the efforts of the team will at least be on a par with the efforts of the student body.

Souht Siders, in closing let me state that we lost the Barringer game this year, but there should not be any further reference to this. Rather, let us look into the future, start our preparations now, talk to the members of the team in a way to abolish the much-feared "Barringer Jinx," keep our faith and go out there next year with the old battlecry, "They shall not pass!" I'm glad to have had the chance to say this little bit and I hope that those who read this will always remember that there is one alumnus who will never fail to be on deck to cheer our boys on to our next victory over the "Big Blue."

Too much credit cannot be given Barringer. It

is represented by a remarkable team. The way they ran thru their plays, with clock-like precision and perfect interference would do justice to a college team. We have no alibis. Barringer earned a clean-cut victory. Our only consolation lies in the fact that we were opposed by one of the best teams that ever lined up against a South Side squad. If they keep up their present form it'll mean a state championship for Barringer without a doubt. Keep it up, Barringer, and here's luck!

Summary:

<i>South Side.</i>	<i>Barringer.</i>
Ramaglia	L. E. Eichhorn
Lee (Capt.)	L. T. Robrecht
Herman	L. G. (Capt.) Sliker
Kress	C. Tillou
Brooks	R. G. Bergoffen
Fisher	R. T. Helmstead
Lowy	R. E. Brundage
Kahn	Q. B. Gordonier
Schwartz	L. H. B. Ciccone
Holzman	R. H. B. McDowell
Hanson	F. B. Breithut

SOUTH SIDE OVERWHELMS NUTLEY

End-Runs and Forward Passes Predominate in Black and Gold Holiday Victory

"Yes, you can't make a touchdown" was ably demonstrated to the Nutley High School football team at City Field, November 12, by the South Side gridders, when they, in a game marked by many forward passes and end-runs, scored no points to our team's twenty-nine. Nutley put up a good fight, but besides being outweighed, was also greatly out-played, and this accounted for the overwhelming defeat.

South Side started out on her rip-snorting activities at the very start of the fray. Hanson kicked off over the goal line and the ball was placed on the twenty-yard mark. After receiving the ball on a punt, the Black and Gold, by means of a few line-bucks and a forward pass, advanced within a few yards of the Nutley goal-line. There the visitors got the ball and attempted to kick out of danger, but the punt was blocked by our onrushing linemen. A few Nutley players jumped on the pigskin, and a safety was registered for South Side.

Hanson scored the first touchdown of the game when he plunged through the Nutley line for many substantial gains. Prior to this Ed. Schwartz, our sterling halfback, had made a



THE OPTIMIST



wonderful end-run which netted thirty yards and put South Side in a position to score.

In the remaining half there were forwards and end-runs galore, but neither team was able to score. At the very last moment Schwartz intercepted a forward, and on the next play Hanson reached the Nutleyites' ten yard line, having speared a difficult one from Eddie. This ended the first half.

In the third quarter, after an interchange of kicks, the Black and Gold moleskin wearers obtained possession of the pigskin in midfield. The fifty yards that stood between South Side and a second touchdown were easily covered by three forwards, Schwartz to Holzman, Ramaglia, and Kahn; line-bucks by Holzman; and end-runs by Ed. Schwartz; Eddie taking the ball over the goal line. Hanson made the extra point on a multiple-kick formation.

Nutley kicked off this time, and the Sunnysiders without losing the ball once, marched straight down the field, a distance of sixty-five yards for another six-pointer. Our other star halfback, Sam "Calahan" Holzman took the ball over. The method by which this touchdown was scored was quite similar to the way in which South Side rang up the previous one.

The last touchdown of the game was due to a clever piece of open-field running by "Umby" Hanson. Spearing a long forward on the Nutley thirty-five yard line, he cleverly dodged his way to a touchdown, his success being partially due to the excellent interference formed by his teammates. He topped this feat with his third goal after touchdown.

The Red and Blue's only chance to score came in the last few minutes of play, after "Cavvy" had sent in a multitude of second string men to relieve the regulars. Line plunges and an aerial advanced the Nutley charges to within a short distance of our goal posts. Then the

final whistle blew, with the ball in Nutley's possession on South Side's ten yard line.

The team played a good game, and would doubtless have rolled up a much bigger score had not a second game that same week confronted them. Eddie Schwartz, a certain All-State choice, played his usual scintillating game in the back-field. In the third period he made twenty-five yards around end, evading nearly the entire Nutley team without interference. "Umby" Hanson also played a very fine game, getting about every forward hurled to him. Sam "Calahan" Holzman was our main factor in gaining ground on line-bucks. Senter did very well for our victims considering the little aid that he received from his teammates.

The line-up:

South Side (29)	Nutley (0)
Ramaglia	L. E. Staible
Lee (C)	L. T. Scorso
Herman	L. G. Gillings
Goldstein	C. Jones
Brooks	R. G. Frost
Heller	R. T. S. Wildey
Lowy	R. E. B. Wildey
Kahn	Q. B. Steger
Schwartz	L. H. B. Senter
Holzman	R. H. B. Priestley
Hanson	F. B. Crabtree
Officials—Umpire, Stein. Referee, Mitchell.	
Head linesman, Shepps.	

SCIENTISTS REVEAL PRIMITIVE LIFE IN RESEARCH ON PLANET "EARTH." WHOLE UNIVERSE ASTONISHED.

Fact That Lifeless Planet Was at One Time Inhabited Verified by Remarkable Discoveries.

Special to The Martian Daily News.

MERCURY, MARS, June 14, 12345.—The entire universe is electrified by the astounding discovery of the party of scientists that recently returned from the planet Earth. The men found conclusive proof that many centuries ago earth was inhabited by a crude, barbaric people. The scientists, sent out by the United Governments of the Universe, were on this expedition sixteen years, but were amply rewarded by their discovery.

Leaving Mars January 1, 12329, in a specially constructed vessel, they travelled thru ether for seventy-two days before they finally located the planet they sought. Then for over fifteen years





THE OPTIMIST



the men excavated in an effort to prove their theory of a life on Earth. The party had almost given up hope, men were dying from disease, exposure and lack of proper nourishment, when one of the laborers came upon a slab of inscribed stone. He took it to headquarters at once, and there, after several days of study, it was determined that the inscription written in a dead language, called English, read "South Side High School." The workers at once concentrated their efforts at the point where the stone was found, and several days later unearthed a huge tomb. Inside this tomb were about one hundred graves, each with a small tombstone, bearing the name of the person lying there and the cause of his death. It is from the causes mentioned that the scientists reach the conclusion that the life on Earth was very primitive and crude. Only about one-third of the epitaphs could be read, as thousands of years of decay made the others unreadable. Those that could be distinguished were translated as follows:

Here lies "Zeke" Zimmer—remember poor "Zeke"?
He used a match to find a gas leak.

Here lies Syd Rusinow, unlucky blighter,
He popped the question—her pop was a fighter.

Here lies Ralph Miller, a sneezer right smart,
One sneeze was so mighty he was blown right apart.

Here rests Herb Ellend, tall, dark and handsome;
But he met his end the same as old Samson.

Carolyn Beitman was a maiden quite fair—
She met her doom in the end by riding a mare.

The noble E. Tischler parks his ribs in this place;
He raced with the Erie and he lost the race.

This marks the abode of young Ira Kahn—
He tackled a teacher, now they call him St. John.

Here lies Ben Gittleman, his end wasn't tame;
He went to Notre Dame without changing his name.

Here lies M. Jacobs—never closed her mouth;
Her hubby soon tired and sent her "down south."

Here lies poor Gipfel, his life without caution,
He raced with a turtle and died of exhaustion.

Here sleeps "Freck" Phillips, practical joker;
He played one too many, now he's a stoker.

This marks the grave of our own dear Jack Voss,
He went riding in Latin and was thrown by his hoss.

Here lies Mlle. Lorraine Saylor, a prima donna
bold,
She climbed up the scale and then lost her hold.

Here lies Harry Wilder, known as a sheik,
But after he married he lived but a week.

Here rests in comfort Miss Sylvia See,
She met her doom dancing each morn until three.

Dig down six feet, you'll find H. Paul there;
He sat down one day with a tack on his chair

Fred Weiser met his end in Chem. Lab., I think;
He saw some sulfuric and took a long drink.

Here lies Ed Schwartz, of great football fame,
He drank some hard home-brew and sweet death soon came.

Here lies Florence Scheck, as big as a spoon,
She was caught in a breeze and blown over the moon.

Here lies Harold Kay, a real clever guy;
His end was so cruel—crushed by a fly.

Here sleeps H. Chimacoff, he met his doom;
He was a martyr to South Side's lunch-room.

The wonderful Marx receives his guests right
here,
He tried to get dues, but got his, poor dear.

Here rots Ben Cohen, pity, poor guy,
He died doing homework, "even as you and I."

Mr. L. Reback was a coal man unfair;
He's still in the coal game, but way, way, down there.

Morris Cohen's death is sure no temptation,
He made a long speech with no ventilation.

Here lies Frank Varmus, this comes from his
pen,

The victims have read it, he'll not do it again.





Name	Boost	Knock	Why alive	Fate	Known for or by
Abel, Rebecca	Tries hard	No avail	Beyond us	Barnaid	Stability
Abrams, Anna	Good acting	Off-stage acting	To reach Hollywood	Follies	Features
Adler, Louis	He boosts himself	Every knock's a boost	To tell you he is...	Autobiography	Buttinskiness
Behrendt, Fred	Amiable	Slowness	To wear out shoes	Butcher	Beef
Fiber, David	Disposition	Indisposition	To support a dentist	Telegram boy	Missing teeth
Beitman, Carolyn	Personality	Small container	To grow	Soap ad model (Fairy)	Everybody
Buchbinder, Leon	Strength	Avordupois	To get killed	Soap ad model (Ivory)	Bandages
Calabrese, Frank	Speaks much	Says little	To answer Mr. Jayson	Bootlegger	Theories
Carter, Wilma	Conscientious	Haircomb	To blossom forth	School marm	Quintness
Cherny, Morris	Happy	But dumb	Mistake	Tramp	Noise
Chimacoff, Hyman	Good company	Too quiet	Because	Letter-carrier	Smile
Chrystal, Dorothy	Sincerity	Immovable	To know history	Housewife	Good cheer
Coopersmith, Bessie	No noise	Sleepy	A secret	Matrimony	Promptness
Cohen, Benjamin	Keeps class laughing	Teacher's bane	To make wise cracks	Tragician	Jokes
Cohen, Esther	"Not so bad"	Worse	To spend papa's money	Movie Actress	English recitations
Cohen, Morris	Orator	So was Cicero	To rebut	Senator	Mouth
Cohen, Ruth	Quite Quiet	Not enough	To hedge	Washwoman	Red head
Ellend, Herb	Poetry	Moustache (?)	To fall in love	Ambassador to China	Courtesy
Ellison, Mildred	Hair	Its color	To fool the public	Hairstresser	Lack of noise
Fenchter, Leonora	Ability	No interest	To graduate	Vamp	Frankness
Friedlander, David	Happy	Sluggish	Miracle	Pretzel-manufacturer	Grim
Friedman, James	Knowledge (?)	Benign expression	To uphold Darwin	Mummy model	Foolish questions



THE OPTIMIST



Name	Boost	Knock	Why alive	Fate	Known for or by
Garrigan, Bertram	Supply of jokes	Their age	Hades is overcrowded	Editor of <i>Undertakers' Journal</i>	Face
Gipfel, Herman	Willing	(Censored)	Too lazy to die	Barber in Russia	Sleepiness
Gittinger, Ethel	Religious	Snappy	To talk	Preacher	Vocabulary
Gittleman, Benjamin	Bright	His brother	To do his brother's Latin	Missionary	Irish Blood
Gittleman, Isadore	His brother	Himself	To ride ponies	Jockey	Time in South Side
Gluckman, Saul	Peggy	Peggy	Peggy	Peggy	Peggy
Haft, William	Worker	Strikes too much	Not all great men are dead	I. W. W.	Dignity
Heim, Viola	Pleasing	Always giggling	To cheer others	Laundress	Willingness
Hochberg, Max	Doesn't need many	Knows it	Fooling himself	Photographer	Clamor
Jacobs, Mary	Pleasant disposition	See Directory	Isn't worth the bullet	Ask Steinberg	Senseless chatter
Jervis, Norman	Imagination	Conservatism	To improve	Improvement	Famous uncles
Johnston, Dorothy	Carefree	Frivolous	We weren't consulted	Movie pianist	Speech
Johnston, Katherine	General Johnston	General nuisance	To hang on family tree	Red Cross nurse	Ancestry
Kahn, Ira	Headwork	Needs a slave	To kick	Gas man	Personality
Kalisky, Fred	Hustler	Freshness	Who cares?	Insurance agent	Freakishness
Kaplan, Sam	Good looks	Silly	To make good	Clothing-store model	Wurst
Kay, Harold	Brains	Likes Latin	To absorb knowledge	Genius	Size
Kessel, Myra	High ideals	Low cut	You'd be surprised	Chaperon	Complexions
Kluck, Genevieve	Dimples	Only two	To blush	Dairy maid	Shyness
Krasner, Milton	Foresight	Legs	Nobody knows	Ice man	Excuses
Krasny, Sam	Good behavior	No pep	Accident	Junk dealer	Nasal voice
Kristal, Amelia	Obligingness	Seclusiveness	To remain hidden	Nurse	Originality
Kulis, Rebecca	Plumpness	Giggling	To reduce	Cook	Profile
Laifer, Harold	Seldom seen	Seen too often	The governor pardoned him	Hash slinger	Idle talk
Lamb, Isabel	Attractiveness	Hates variety	To inspire Lee	Jack	Hair
Lange, Harold	Uprightness	Inactiveness	Various reasons	Dog catcher	Brief case
La Plante, Della	Gentleness	Stolidness	To learn	Florist	Name
Lee, John	Good taste	Cutting	To play football	Dancing teacher	I s a b e l
Litwin, Moe	Sees things thru	Doesn't see thru things	To work XYZ China	Electrician	Radio
Marino, Emma	Teeth	Voice	To flatter	Salesgirl	Compliments
Marx, Sam	Self-control	Foolish arguments	To wonder why	Chauffeur	Beard
Marx, Solomon	Cool and collected	But not our dues	To make us cough up	Pawnbroker	Persistence
Melrod, Abram	On time	Fancy vests	Lucky	Rag man	Screeching ties
Menk, Jeanette	Nerve	Pest	To dye	Janitress	Mop
Miller, Hilda	Athletics	Too fast	To compete	Olympic champion	Calmness
Miller, Ralph	Scholarship	Hoss laugh	To be famous	Quack doctor	"Let's go!"
Mueller, Wesley	A friend in need	Pessimism	There's a reason	Overbrook	Obligingness
Paul, Hyman	Good fellow	Wild life	For Florence	Lobbyist	Arguments
Phillips, Harry	Wisecracker	Too wise	To kill others	Clown	Freckles
Pressler, Jeanne	Good speaker	Speaks too much	To eat	Sculptor's model	Air displacement
Rathsprecher, Jennie	Noiseless	Solitude	Ask her	Stenog.	Penmanship
Reback, Leonard	Life of the party	World wise	To keep the police busy	Aviation	Goggles
Reichlin, Suzanne	Leadership	Affection	To debate	Suffragette	Speed
Relles, Nathan	Reliability	Silence	To listen	Bank messenger	Reserve
Rosen, Mary	High spirits	Laughs at Wilder's jokes	To dance	Telephone operator	Bright history

answers



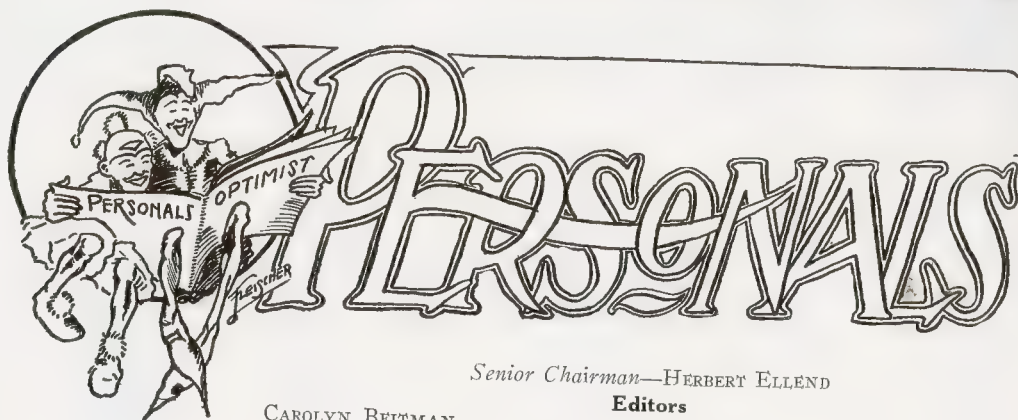
THE OPTIMIST



Name	Boost	Knock	Why alive	Fate	Known for or by
Rothberg, Louis	Good sport	Effeminate	To support the barber.	Vaseline salesman	Haircomb
Rudnewitz, Pearl	Vamp	Thinks she gets 'em	To please	Gold digger	Coquetry
Rusinow, Syd	Ask "her"	Impatient	To try 'em all	Greenwich Village	Character
Saylor, Lorraine	Looks	Alloofness	To sing	Conductorette	Voice
Scheuer, Isabelle	Alluring	Flirt	For an inspiration.	Good (?) wife.	Eyes
Schwartz, Edward	Enthusiasm	Gets his in football.	To put S. S. on the map.	All-American	Fighting spirit
See, Sylvia	Determination	Antiquity	Not insured	Spinster	Cleverness
Shaw, Adelaide	Innocence	Doesn't know any better.	For fun	Nursemaid	Skin
Scheck, Florence	Cute	Taste	For Hyman	Secretary	Popularity
Simon, Morris	Hopeful	Hopeless	To break his neck.	Circus	Stunts
Singer, Gertrude	Artistic	Color blind	Why not?	Waitress	Curly
Spiegel, Simon	Perseverance	Inconsistency	To hang (around)	Big leaguer	Errors
Spitz, Marion	Ask her	Ask others	To talk	Parrot trainer	Noise she makes
Stein, Joseph	Modesty	Nothing to boast about	No reason	Lecturer	Retirement
Steinberg, Ben	Face	Same	To marry Mary Jacobs	Henpecked husband	Ears
Tabankin, Sidney	Dancing	Partners	To play golf.	Divorce	Many
Talisman, Clarence	Music	"I like me"	To fiddle his time away	Organ grinder	Self estimation
Teimer, Helen	Stability	Calamity Jane	To study	Teacher	Earnestness
Tischler, Elias	Art	Can't find any	To make our cartoons	Paper hanger	Joviality
Turk, Celia	Says little	Knows little	To bluff	Awful	Vagueness
Turk, Jack	Waves	Raves	Isn't	Convict	Police
Vanderhoof, Frank	Always laughing	Never serious	To cut	Quick-lunch counter	Affability
Van Moppes, Marion	Complexion	Artificial	To decorate	Tattoo Artist	Dancing
Varmus, Frank	Stature	Likes the girls	See knock	Bigamist	Blushes
Voss, Jack	Knowledge	Shyness	To grow	Bacteriologist	Width
Weiser, Fred	Supply of news.	Bad news	Not his fault	Reporter	Gossip
Weissman, Meyer	Sturdiness	Bull	To sleep	Night watchman.	Questions
Wilder, Harry	Girls	Variety	To flirt	Sailor	Sheikishness
Wolf, Samuel	Tennis	Golf	To kibitz	Boot-black	Ear-to-ear grin
Zimmer, William	Ask the teachers.	Ask the students.	To make "The Optimist"	famous	Ability
Zoller, Martha	Studious	Fickleness	Deep mystery	Manicurist	Neatness

30 YEARS HENCE





Senior Chairman—HERBERT ELLEND

Editors

CAROLYN BEITMAN
MARCUS M. HARRIS

JEANNETTE MENK

LUIS MENK
JEROME SILVERMAN

THE SHEIK OF ARABY

By Herbert M. Ellend.

She was a beautiful, gay demoiselle,
Who sported the monicker, fair Annabelle,
Whose business in life was to eat and to dance
And marry some man if Fate gave her the chance.

She tired of ballrooms, hotels and the like,
Of Andy and Joe, Petey, William and Mike;
Decided to light out for far distant lands,
And grab off a Sheik on Sahara's white sands.

She landed in Egypt quite close to the Nile,
The women in veils made our Annabelle smile;
The women out here must be lonely, I'll say,
To cover their faces in broad light of day.

A fanfare of trumpets made Annabelle turn—
"Hot dog!" cried our lady when she could discern
A horse with a rider whose clothes were pure
white,
"That's the Sheik of this outfit, I'll bet that I'm
right."

Our hero looked once at the fair Annabelle,
Picked her up and he sat her right on the pommel
Of his saddle, and rode for his home in the sand,
Where he reigned as the Sheik of his harem and
band.

After riding some hours they came to his hut,
Which was close by the tomb of the famous King
Tut;

"Here we are," cried the hero of this episode,
"Let us enter and drink in my famous abode.

"My fair, chic, petite one, won't you be my wife,
And live with the Sheik for the rest of your life?
I'll give you twelve hours to make your reply,

If you won't marry me it's our law you must
die."



Now, Annabelle hated this Sheik like a snake,
His wooing and threats made our Annabelle
quake;

In reply to his love-making, Annabelle said,
"No, I won't marry you," and he chopped off her
head!



THE OPTIMIST



LOVE WILL OUT

Scenario by—E. A. Tischler.
 Directed by—E. A. Tischler.
 Assistant director—E. A. Tischler.
 Art titles—E. A. Tischler.
 Subtitles—E. A. Tischler.
 Continuity writer—E. A. Tischler.
 Cameraman—E. A. Tischler.
 Costume designs by—E. A. Tischler.
 Electrical effects—E. A. Tischler.
 Passed by the board of censors—E. A. Tischler,
 chairman.

CAST

Harold (Buck) Wheat—a poor farmer's son.
 Ezekiel H. Wheat—the poor farmer.
 Mrs. Wheat—Harold's mother; Ezekiel's wife.
 Clarice Van Rich—a banker's daughter.
 J. M. C. Van Rich—her father.
 Theodore McTheef—a villain of deepest water.
 Henry J. O'Leeder—a skinflint.
 Butlers, chauffeurs, maids, etc., etc.

Scene I. The Wheat household. Things look glum. The mother is wringing the timeworn gingham apron, pop is tearing out the rest of his hair, and son Harold is shedding a couple of glycerine tears. The father speaks.

Subtitle. "The blow has fell! In three weeks the mortgage falls due and means are lacking with which to meet it!" Harold clenches his fists, gazes skyward, and utters the courageous words,



HAROLD DETERMINES TO GO TO THE CITY.

Subtitle. "Father, I shall hasten to the city and may Heaven smile upon my efforts to save the family homestead." Pop and mom give him a couple of looks the director believes show gratefulness, or something like it. Cut to—

Scene II. Three days later at the township's R. R. station the Wheat family is seeing off its favorite son. Harold shakes his father's hand while they both float in glycerine tears. The young man says good-bye to his mother. They clinch. Harold breaks away and exclaims.

Subtitle. "Good-by, dad and mother! I shall return ere the tight-fisted miser causes you inconvenience!" The train arrives and the young hopeful falls gracefully up the step and waves a last farewell thru the window of the Pullman. Cut to—

Scene III. Harold is sitting in the train in a seat directly behind Clarice Van Rich (who looks like a magazine cover) and her pater, J. M. C. Van Rich, the banker who cleaned up a fortune on German marks. Harold feels uncomfortable and he seems to think he has grass seed or corn husk or some such thing in his hair. Clarice is struck by our hero's manly beauty and makes herself agreeable by letting her lap dog lick Harold's face, and the yap looks as if he likes it! Clarice speaks,

Subtitle. "You know I think you're quite handsome, Mr. Wheat?"

Subtitle. "Oh, Miss Clarice, you're spoofing." Subtitles, subtitles and subtitles ad lib.

Harold and Clarice look at each other like true lovers.

Subtitle. "And so, with fate's kindly co-operation, the friendship of the two increased."

Fade out and cut back to—

Scene I. Where the Wheet's are sitting, either again, or yet. (The pop never seems to work.) Mother cries out—

Subtitle. "I wonder what son Harold is doing now?" Cut back to—

Scene III. Clarice is in the parlor car when the villain enters. (Soft music by the orchestra.) He looks like Spanish or Mexican and the subtitle should announce,

Subtitle. "A South American of nerve and courage, full of the wild bull of the Pampas, was the evil Theodore McTheef."

McTheef gives Clarice the Harold Lloyd grin and starts a monologue. Clarice likes blondes and gives Theodore an iceberg look. McTheef starts to boil and waxes sarcastic about her father's business deals until the fair one gurgles out a Galli-Curci scream. Cut to—

Scene IV. The smoking car where Harold is testing out the strictness of the prohibition law. Harold hears the scream, carefully corks his bottle of cold tea and places it in his pocket, after which he runs. Cut back to—



THE PREDICTOR

Extra!

NEWARK, N. J.

November 3, 1940

ELLEND, Former Poet-Laureate, Is Elected President by Overwhelming Majority!
MISS SUZANNE REICHLIN, First Woman Vice-President of the United States.

President Ellend and Vice-President Reichlin confess that they owe much of their success to their early training in South Side High School. William Zimmer and David Biber, the defeated candidates for offices of President and Vice-President, are also graduates of this remarkable school. Other South Side High graduates who are expected to fill positions in the President's Cabinet are: Fred Weiser, William Haft, Jack Turk and Harold Kay.

She Had to Replace Dead Monkey

NEWARK, N. J.—Moe Litwin, prominent Newark attorney, was highly commended by Judge Lange on the clever handling of Miss Jeanne Pressler's case in the Circuit Court to-day. Miss Pressler was tried for running down Jeanette Menk's pet monkey with her Ford, and injured it so painfully that the animal had to be shot. Miss Pressler's punishment was to replace the monkey, but she had some difficulty in doing so until she met Samuel Wolf.

Commits Suicide Because of Broken Heart

ALLWOOD, N. J.—Ben Steinberg, a former Newarker, committed suicide in the back room of his uncle's drug store, where he was a clerk. He was despondent because Mary Jacobs refused to marry him.

Mary Jacobs Gains Undisputed Victory

NEWARK, N. J.—At Wallace Hall last night, Mary Jacobs won the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest. She spoke for three hours fifty-nine minutes and sixty seconds, and would have continued had not the judges proclaimed her the winner. None of the other candidates for honors had a chance to speak, as it was 12 P. M. when the judges woke up and summoned enough courage to interfere.

Famous Star Sues for Damages

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Anna Abrams, famous movie star, is suing her beauty doctor Sydney Rusinow. She claims that he promised to give her a "baby-skin," but the operation was unsuccessful and her skin now feels like sand-paper. But Dr. Rusinow argued that her face was ruined before he started

and he could not be expected to get results when he had nothing to work with. Miss Abrams is suing for \$50,000 damages and the defendant's motto is: "Try and get it."

Society Notes

Among some of our distinguished society leaders who are leaving for foreign shores are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Tabankin. The couple are taking their annual European trip. Mr. Tabankin is a successful bootlegger. Mrs. Tabankin, formerly Miss Marian Spitt, was a famous South Side High School student.

Clarence Talisman, noted violinist, who began his career with the famous orchestra of South Side High School, gave a recital last night in Aeolian Hall, New York City. The performance was given for the benefit of the "Old Maids' Home." The Misses Wilma Carter, Dorothy Chrystal, Della La Plante and Leonora Feuchter, members of the "Home," arranged the program for the evening. The event was a great success.

Hyman Paul, noted politician, has just returned from a trip to England, where he was on a lecture tour. His wife, who was formerly Florence Scheck, of this city, accompanies her husband on all his tours. Mr. Paul is quoted to have said: "I want all to know that this little woman is more than my wife—she is my best pal; and, I may also add, my severest critic."

Miss Lorraine Saylor made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, where she seemed to please the audience. Frank Varmus, the noted critic, had this to say: "Miss Saylor's debut at the Metropolitan last night was an unusual event. She held her audience (both of them) spellbound until the end. She is gifted with an unequalled contralto voice; her upper register is far superior to the lower, which she cannot use so effectively. While she still has something to learn, such as tone-production, voice placing, breath-control, phrasing, enunciation, expression, keeping the pitch, stage-presence and a few other such details she is a really remarkable singer. We have heard Galli-Curci, we have heard Jeritza but we have never heard a prima donna sing as Miss Saylor does. I advise all true lovers of real music to lose no time in hearing her."



SPORTS

Boxing!

Last night at the Newark Athletic Club the famous "Kid" Leonard Reback and husky Nat Relles met to contest for the lightweight championship of Hoboken. Reback knocked three of his opponent's teeth out in the first round and knocked him for a row of lilies in the second. Reback is now the champion of Hoboken.

The Misses Genevieve Kluck and Mildred Ellison took part in a hair-pulling contest to see who had the most hair. After working hard for one hour and thirty-nine and a half minutes Miss Kluck won by a hair. She attributes her victory to the use of Menk's "Two-in-One" hair tonic which she uses every night before retiring.

Bull-Throwing

Harry Wilder made himself famous last night as champion "bull-thrower." Mr. Wilder says that he attributes his success to the practise he had in South Side High School.

Broken Verse

By Lorraine Saylor

To understand poetry of any kind, editors seem to think that their aid is indispensable. We, being of the same mind, offer this beautiful bit, and add notes which will make clear anything which is ambiguous.

There was a runner, ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a horse went to the mill,
When he moved on, he stood not still.

There was a Senior cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a boy who made a fire,
When it went out, it did expire.

1. "runner"—There are many of this species in South Side. Some good and some not so good.

2. "ran a race"—This very expressive phrase shows the keen imagination of the author. Many such expressions appear thruout the poem.

3. "apace"—Word derived from Chinese-zyx.

4. "mill"—Probably chosen because it rimes with "hill" and "pill".

5. "still"—Not to be confused with bootlegging.

6. "Senior"—We are all familiar with this animal. He generally thrives upon his own good opinion of himself.

7. "cut"—This word has not issued from the

Personals

Bertram Garrigan has opened a second-hand and misfit suit establishment on Prince Street and is doing very well due to the fact that he is well acquainted with his neighbors, among whom are Ira Kahn and Saul Gluckman. Don't fail to drop in on one of his 99c. sales some time.

Ruth Cohen and Marion Van Moppes, famous dancers, have contracted with Ziegfeld to dance in his Follies for two years. Mr. Ziegfeld fired Gilda Gray and Ann Pennington to make room for the Misses Cohen and Van Moppes.

Fred Kalisky is now a veterinarian. He specializes in chicken's legs.

Miss Gertrude Singer, famous artist, has opened an art studio on Mulberry Street and is making a great success. She has hired, as her model, Max Hochberg, to pose for animal crackers.

lips of certain worthy members of our class as often, recently, as heretofore. We wonder why?

8. "then blood did come"—This illustrates exactly the result following closely upon a kind of cutting probably *not* so familiar as the aforementioned use of the word.

9. "boy"—Great care should be taken not to confuse this with "buoy." This could easily be done, as both call attention to their presence as often as possible.

10. "fire"—How often have we not drilled, shivering in the cold out of doors, to be prepared for the possible but improbable advent of this monster.

11. "expire"—This, you will surely do in preparing for the exams. Oh, ye worthy Seniors, prepare for your fate!

"57 Varieties"

I'd walk a mile for a Camel—Hyman Paul.

U-All-No—Jack Lee.

Eventually, why not now?—Ben Cohen.

A skin you love to touch—Isabel Lamb.

Pure and Sweet—Isabel Scheuer.

Keep that school-girl complexion—Lorraine Saylor.

Ask Dad, he knows—Herbert Ellend.

Time to Retire—Sydney Rusinow.

It satisfies—A 10.

There's a Reason—Morris Cohen.

You just know she wears them—Myra Kessel.

Children cry for it—The 1B's.



THE OPTIMIST



IN A DREAM

By Sydney I. Rusinow.

The Senior classmen gather
To decide what they would rather
Like to don,
For their coming big affair,
The Senior Prom.
The fate of all does tremble
As the orators dissemble
On and on,
About what's best to wear there,—
Pro and con.

The question that arises
Is a problem, one surmises,
Full of woes;
Not of well-deserved prizes,
Nor of Senior picture sizes,
But of clothes.

Our president, Herb Ellend,
Tells them, "Ponder on this well, and
Have your say;
And tell what's on your chest, and
We'll adjudge what's best, and
Call it a day.

"Now, our time is short and fleeting,
And we have but this one meeting
To confide
That our hearts have long been beating
On the subject we are treating;
So, decide!"

(Now, any but our president
Would differently say what he meant,
Then close.
But Herb, a poet heaven-sent,
Must use some other instrument
Than simple prose.)

"Will our Senior Prom be formal,
Friends, or shall we just be normal,
Plain-dressed folks?
Then if we come dressed informal,
Will there be some who will term all
There 'slow pokes'?"

"This matter is a grave one;
Where can we find some brave one
To suggest?
What ideas has some sage one,
And can't he grab and cage one
For the rest?"

"I see your minds are wand'ring,
While on some idea you're pond'ring,—
Still in vain.

And I cannot keep from wond'ring
Why you are this minute flound'ring
On thoughts so tame!"

Thus he sets the class to thinking
As he closes and is sinking
In his chair,
Tho. some thoughtless ones are shrinking
From such tasks, and feel like drinking
In the air.

There arises a great clamor,
In which someone's heard to stammer,—
(It's poor Ike.)
But he can't in any manner,
Softly tell them what his banner
Idea's like.

"Let Ira Kahn please have the floor,
Says Herb, "and now let's have no more
Of foolish fuss;
So no one leave by yonder door,
But stay and hear what he's in store
For all of us."

So saying, he resumes his seat,
And little Kahn begins to speak:
"This whole thing's rot:
If we come dressed like formal freaks,
We may win prizes meant for sheiks,
Which we are not.

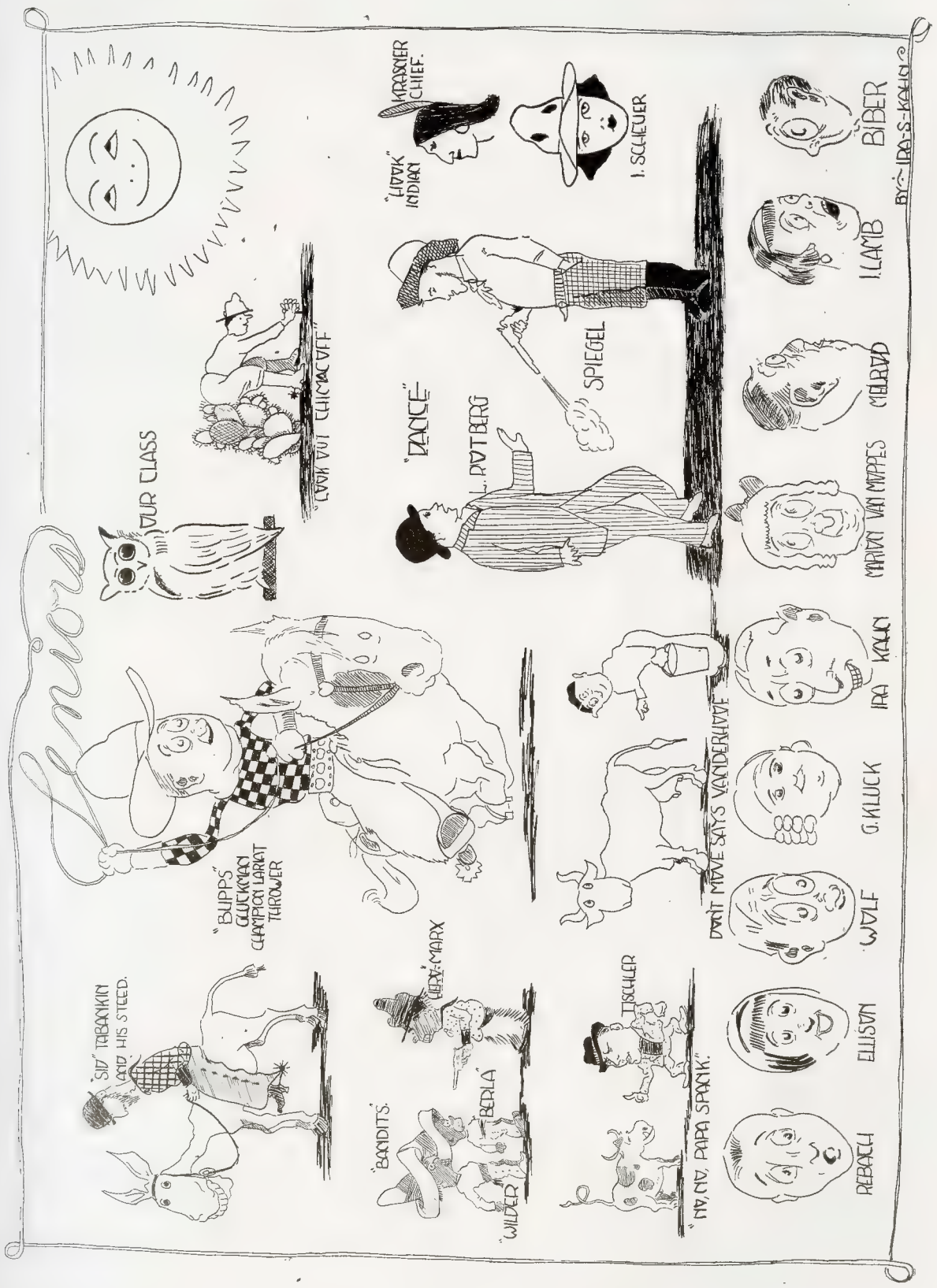
"What I have said's not all the reason,
For our Prom, is in a season
Freezin', snappy.
When boys take girls, they cannot squeeze
'em,
Walking; talking, won't appease 'em,
Without a taxi."

"Question!" cries a potential debater,
(It's Frank Varmus, who may be a waiter,
Later in life.)

"After he's asked her, who'd *be* such a traitor
To balk at a fare, and therefore not take her?
Such foolish strife!

"There's no earthly use in talking,
For we really are now balking
At ev'ry trend;
So let's all start in stalking
Some idea that will prove corking
In the end."

At this point in the discussion,
(Continued on Page 67)



BY: IDA S. KALIN



THE OPTIMIST



AUTOGRAPHS



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

STATIONERY

CIGARS

PERFUMES

Apollo, Park & Tilford's and Whitman's
Fine Candies

FRED P. SCHWIEG

Drugs

CLINTON AVENUE and BERGEN STREET

In a Dream

(Continued from Page 64)

I sort of felt a faint percussion
In my head.
'Twas, I know, from too much thinking,
Tho some think I had been drinking,—
Asleep in bed.

Now, I've learned the clock was singing
That old tune it makes when ringing
Chimes of brass;
And my dreams did take to winging
Far away from thoughts of singing
'Bout our class.

(To tell the whole truth to you, folks,
I must admit the whole darn joke's
On me alone,
For I've ended here thru lack of rimes.
That I'd think in vain a thousand times
I might have known.)

Now, Miller's a clever young fellow,
When a joke's cracked you should hear him
bellow,
He laughs like a horse,
Tho much louder, of course,
And the roots of his red hair turn yellow.

Bughouse Fables

Leonora Feuchter—Vamp.
Pearl Rudnewitz—Quietest girl in class.
Saul Gluckman—Without Peggy.
Jack Lee—Doing his homework.
Frank Vanderhoof—In school for a whole day.
Leon Buchbinder—Without a bandage on his
face.
Moe Litwin—Not talking radio.
Frank Calabrese—Not arguing with the faculty.
Carolyn Beitman—Getting sixes on her card.
Harold Laifer—Talking in a gruff voice.
Sylvia See—With a different haircomb.
Marion Van Moppes—Unpopular with the boys.
Emma Marino—Saddest girl in the class.
Sue Reichlin—Not talking.
William Zimmer—Not talking about The Opti-
mist.

Harold Lange—Without his briefcase.

Late hours are not good for *one*.

To the 1B's

Do not become discouraged if you find no meat
in your vegetable soup. The lunch-room dieticians
have become so skilful that they rarely chip their
thumbs any more.

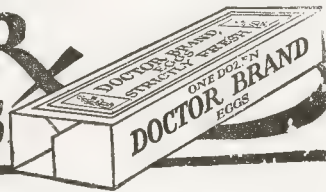


For the Children's Lunch Box



Children always enjoy egg sandwiches, made of crisp, fresh lettuce, Doctor Brand eggs, bread and Lion Brand Butter. They are healthful as well as delicious, for eggs contain the best nourishment for growing children. Every egg that goes into a Doctor Brand carton has been carefully selected and candled, and is guaranteed by us.

DOCTOR Brand Eggs



COLUMBIA CHEESE CO., NEWARK, N. J.

The Millenium Will Be Here

When a fellow with his homework is friendless.
When Room 102 is quiet after the five-minute bell.

When one can get into the lunch-room in time to eat a few bites before the bell rings.

When the detention-room is empty at one-thirty.

When Seniors are more interested in the English poets than they are in the latest styles.

When all Seniors have paid their dues.

When somebody sends in something worth reading for the Senior number.

The Biggest Joke of the Season

Have you heard it? No? Well, listen, and I'll whisper it to you:

The Seniors have got down to real work. You don't believe it? Think it impossible, don't you? Well, here's proof of it in this very Optimist,

for it is the product of Senior brains. It's quite true that they were a trifle rusty from being used infrequently and we must admit that we were surprised at the effect that real work had upon us—it was nearly too much for us.

Mary Rosen, after trying on a hat that didn't fit her, noticed that on the inside was written: "Made expressly for L. Bamberger & Co."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "no wonder it didn't fit me."

Herbert Ellend: Have you carried out my ideas?

Zimmer: Did you see the janitor with the waste-paper basket?

Ellend: Yes, I did.

Zimmer: Well, he was carrying out your ideas.

SENIOR SIDE-SHOW.



KEMAL RALPHA
MILLER,
CRYSTAL GAZER
AND
FORTUNE
TELLER



"SPEED"
GIPFEL,
MAGICIAN.
(THE HAND
IS QUICKER
THAN THE
EYE)



JEANETTE
MENK,
BEARDED
LADY.



B. GARRIGAN
TATTOOED
MAN



"HERCULES" KAY
WORLD'S STRONGEST
MAN.



S. WOLF,
CLOWN



JACK
LEE, THE
GLOBE'S
TINIEST
MIDGET



M. KESSEL AND
R. ABEL,
SNAKE
CHARMERS



CAROLYN
BEITMAN,
"8½ FEET OF
HUMANITY."



STEINBERG
AND WEISER,
LION-
TAMERS



\$500.00
TO ANY
PERSON CAUSING
FROZEN-FACED
"FRECK" PHILLIPS
TO LAUGH



JEANNE
PRESSLER,
SMALLEST
LADY IN THE
UNITED STATES.

E. A. TISCHLER



THE OPTIMIST



COMPLIMENTS OF

MR. GILMAN

Latest Collegiate Models

141 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Senior Plays

The Breaking Point—If we don't graduate.
Seventh Heaven—When we graduate.
The Crooked Square—Sid Tabankin doing geometry.

The Woman on the Jury—Miss Hamilton.
The Good Old Days—When we were innocent 1B's.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary—Mary Jacobs.
In Love With Love—Sol Gluckman.
Aren't We All—Dignified Seniors.

Two Fellows and a Girl—Sydney Rusinow,
Frank Varmus, Sylvia See.

We've Got to Have Money—Sol Marx (our beloved treasurer).

Helen of Troy, N. Y.—Helen Teimer.

Little Miss Bluebeard—Marian Spitz.

The Magic Ring—Our graduation ring.

Wildflower—Marian Van Moppes.

Scandals of 1923—Wilma Carter, Bessie Coopersmith, Dorothy Chrystal.

Artists and Models—Ira Kahn, Elias Tischler,
Isabel Lamb, Lorraine Saylor.

Vanities of 1923—Sylvia See, Pearl Rudne-
witz, Anna Abrams.

Little Jessie James—Mary Rosen.

The Whole Town's Talking—About South
Side's brilliant Senior class.

Passing Show of 1923—Our class.

Rip Van Winkle—Milton Krasner.

We Girls—Kluck, Marino, Ellison.

The Dancers—Herb Ellend and Sylvia See.

Chains—Detention.

He Who Gets Slapped—Gipfel.

The Gingham Girl—Wilma Carter.

Three Wise Fools—Calabrese, Chimacoff and
Talisman.

For All of Us—Graduation.

Six Cylinder Love—Jack Lee and Isabel Lamb.

The Tavern—Lunch room at noon.

Scaramouche—David Biber.

The Comedian—Benny Cohen.

Charles H. Herrick

Furnisher to Man and Boy

239 CLINTON AVENUE

Corner Somerset Street

Newark, N. J.

Shop Here for Your Xmas Needs

We have been serving this community
for the past ten years with **Standard,**
Dependable Merchandise.

Our Holiday Lines are a complete show-
ing and you will find our prices reason-
able, consistent with quality of merchan-
dise shown.

We invite your inspection

Open Evenings

Personal Attention!

Telephone Waverly 6535

Familiar Quotations

(Heard in Room 210 any morning before school)

Oh! I don't know a thing—Emma Marino.

Florence, what did we have for French?—
Sydney Rusinow.

Got cher dues?—Solomon Marx.

I need some powder, don't I?—Pearl Rudne-
witz.

Did the bell ring yet?—Mary Rosen.

I can't do this geometry—Sid Tabankin.

Who wants a ticket for the game?—Max
Hochberg.



SENIORS THIS TIME OF THE YEAR



THE OPTIMIST



Phone: Terrace 1379

R. REINGOLD'S

Delicatessen and Lunch Room

Cigars, Cigarettes & Confectionery

A Full Line of Dairy Products

273 ELIZABETH AVE.

Newark, N. J.

Phone Waverly 1081

Monday, Wednesday, Friday—6.30-9.30

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday—

2.30-5.30 6.30-9.30

DR. A. F. FISCHER

Chiropractor

565 CLINTON AVENUE

Corner Tracy Avenue

Newark, N. J.

Ourselves As Others See Us

By Lorraine Saylor

Elizabeth Avenue has been overrun with South Siders at the luncheon period. We are wondering what the worthy citizens of Newark thinks of our fashion show.

Among those patronizing said avenue is little Florence Scheck, renowned G. O. secretary. With her, most any fine day, may be seen Hyman Paul who so nobly espoused her cause in the G. O. nominations. We should judge from appearances that he, at least, could fill that huge piece of paper, exploiting her many virtues. Another pair of perhaps even longer standing is Isabel Lamb and Jack Lee. Nice to carry your bank with you, isn't it, Isabel?

Then, in the Delicatessen, whose cash register has probably grown weak and out of breath from receiving innumerable nickles and dimes drawn from the pockets of many South Siders, these same citizens, if they looked at the right moment, would behold Carolyn Beitman, who really isn't small any longer, you know—altho, Carolyn, we can remember a time when we couldn't see you for your long curls—so we're rather dubious about this great height that you have attained so mysteriously. They might also see Myra Kessel, Marion Van Moppes, Ethel Gittinger and many others, all hoarsely trying to be heard above the general din, demanding ham, pork or other kinds of sandwiches.

In the Bakery, which has been specializing in hot dogs, might be seen dignified Seniors, two abreast, struggling to gain the vantage point, where one receives a roll enveloping a steaming "frank." Then there is a general rush for two bottles of mustard reposing upon a table at a short distance. Often in the rush, one or two are jostled, who are in the bakery for no other apparent reason than to keep warm. They buy nothing, but sit and eat lunches which they have brought with them. We are wonder-

COMPLIMENTS OF

BEACON AUTO REPAIR

272-274-276 BROOME STREET

Newark, N. J.

ing what our citizens would think of them, and also what the baker thinks. With such a scarcity of coal as there seems to be at present, he must resent having these "ornaments" absorbing the heat of his store and blocking the advance of prospective buyers.

The drug store on the corner, however, seems to be ~~the~~ place at which all eventually wind up. Some, cleverer than the rest, manage to get what they want before those who have been patiently waiting for a long time. When this happens, there is a general chorus of protest and renewed efforts to gain the attention of the poor distracted clerk, who is trying to fill five or six different orders at once and only succeeds in giving someone chocolate cream when he has ordered vanilla, or vice versa. Upon hearing the cries for "plenty of nuts" the observant citizen would probably decide that there seemed to be a goodly quantity of those within plain view and wonder why they wanted more. Some finally manage to extricate themselves from the rest and saunter up Alpine in the direction of our Alma Mater.

I'm afraid that if the aforementioned worthy citizens had never heard of South Side before, they would go on about their various occupations with the impression that South Siders have



PARKS DRUG STORE

The Store of Quality and Service

HAWTHORNE AVE. and BERGEN ST.

Newark, N. J.

More than 105,000 Prescriptions on our files

Phone Waverly 5641

Telephones: Market 3645, 3646

Distributors of Hood Tires and Tubes

ROTH & SCHLENGER, Inc.

Distributors and Jobbers
Automotive Equipment

29 WILLIAM STREET

Cor. Halsey Street
Newark, N. J.

Phone Conn.

Cameo Tailor Shop and Laundry

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing
Cleaned, Dyed, Pressed & Repaired

89 ELIZABETH AVENUE

Opposite Poinier Street
Newark, N. J.

If you want good Hand Laundry Work at Reasonable Prices, call at 89 Elizabeth Avenue, where the greatest care will be taken of your laundry.

**MENDING AND DARNING FREE
OF CHARGE**

an appetite, if nothing else. They would probably have a hazy picture of girls dressed in various shades of almost any color and fellows dressed as they usually do dress, strolling along Elizabeth Avenue and streaming out of bakeries and delicatessens, and **all** eating, eating, eternally eating.

OUR SENIOR LIBRARY

(All Latest Publications)

Head Librarian—Frank Varmus

Fiction

Bunk—Excuses for absence.
Big Brother—B. Gittleman.
Children of the Way—Florence Scheck and Harold Kay.
The Dancing Star—Carolyn Beitman.
Don Juan—Zimmer.
Fires of Ambition—One Bees.
Graven Image—I. Gittleman.
The Hawkeye—Mr. Root.
The Hope of Happiness—After graduation.
The Hopeful Journey—Thru South Side.
The Last Frontier—Senior exams.
A Line a Day—Cicero home work.
A Lost Lady—Mary Jacobs without her tongue.
Lummox—Adler.

My Fair Lady—Lorraine Saylor.
Marching On—For four (?) years.
The Nervous Wreck—Teachers after getting us thru.
Oh, Doctor!—After exams.
The Quest—Diplomas.
The Savage—Eddie Schwartz.
Sylvia of the Stubbles—Sylvia See.
Sonny—Jack Lee.
The Temptress—Pearl Rudnewitz.
Tut, Tut, Mr. Tutt—Ben Cohen.
The Voice of the Mountain—Litwin.
Wreath of Stars—Miller, Rusinow, Zimmer and Ellend.

Adventure

Missing Men—Reback, Krasner and Vanderhoof during tests, gym, etc.
Open All Night—Before exams.
Ride Him, Cowboy—In Latin.
Tappan's Burro—Kalisky.

Biographies and Memoirs

Doctor Johnson—Katherine Johnston.
Harvard Memoirs—"Dean" Parsons.
My Intellectual Life—Ellend.
Myself Not Least—Talisman.

Essays and Sketches

Triumph of the Nut—Simon.
The Bonzo Pups—Lunch on Elizabeth Ave.



THE OPTIMIST



Founded 1888 (Day Dept., Dwight School, 1880)

NEW YORK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NEW YORK SCHOOL
72 Park Avenue
Between 38th and 39th Streets

BROOKLYN SCHOOL
Cor. Franklin and Jefferson Aves.
2 Blocks from Fulton

Prepares Specially for REGENTS and COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

ENROLL NOW

26,000 GRADUATES

MODERN METHODS

Inquire for further particulars, also catalog, and
"Success in Regents and College Entrance Examination"

**Largest and Best
SANDWICHES
on the Avenue**

150 ELIZABETH AVENUE

The Elkay Company

STAR BUILDING

Market and Mulberry Streets

Newark's School Supply House for
GRADUATION RINGS and PINS
MEDALS and TROPHIES

Souvenirs of All Kinds for

BANQUETS, PROMS and GAMES

Clubs and Fraternities may secure our
circular by request.

The Outline of Art—Tischler.

Books for Children

Huckleberry Finn—Phillips.

Rip Van Winkle—Gipfel.

Fidelis—Ponies.

Jim Mason, Scout—Voss.

Chatterbox for 1924—Marion Spitz.

Best Sellers

The Gay Year—Senior year.

The Great Moment—Getting your diploma.

Solomon In All His Glory—Marx, Solomon.

Voices—In assembly.

Now it happened that little Jack Voss
Desired to ride on a hoss.

After taking one try

He had a black eye

And also appeared very cross.

One day Emma Marino

Ate some maraschino;

After eating a lot

She wished she had not

And desired a change of scene-o.

Rebecca had a powder-puff;

It she loved most dearly.

Everywhere Rebecca went

Its traces showed most clearly.



— GREENFIELD

Oh Gee—it's

A & B

**SWEET CREAM
BUTTER**

All sturdy boys and girls should get all they want of good bread spread with A. & B. Butter—noted for its delicious flavor and absolutely pure because it's made of sweet cream from tested herds of dairy cows.



Leave a standing order with your grocer for A. & B. Butter and you will always be assured of quality, purity and healthfulness.

M. Augenblick & Bro.
Newark and Paterson



COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF

H. S.

Phone Woverly 4834

A. & J. CLEANERS & DYERS

A. Najarian, Prop.

Ladies' and Gents' Tailors

Cleaning, Dyeing, Altering and Pressing

56 ELIZABETH AVENUE

Near Miller Street
Newark, N. J.

MRS. VAN HORN'S Little Millinery Shoppe

Is a good place to buy and save money.

Up-to-Date Models in Fancy and Tailored
Hats

Trimmings and Supplies. Hats Made to
Order. Also Hemstitching and
Pleating Done

141 ELIZABETH AVENUE
Open Evenings

Fair Warning

(Rondel)

By Sydney I. Rusinow

The poetry that follows here,
You may find pleasure, I've no doubt,
In reading, for it's all about
The Seniors, who alone should fear.

Each one that writes thinks he's a seer,
And would not have our "ed" leave out
The poetry that follows here;
You *may* find pleasure, I've no doubt.

When they write triolets, look out!—
Tho rave they will of friendships dear
That last right thru each happy year.
Were I the "ed" I'd sure *throw* out
The poetry that follows here.

Triolets

By Herbert M. Ellend

Van Moppes must use powder,
A touch of lipstick, too;
Tho beauty be allowed her,
Van Moppes must use powder,
But our quandary grows louder,
No doubt 'twill puzzle you
If Van Moppes must use powder,
A touch of lipstick, too?

Adler simply acts the fool—
Has this fellow any brain?
He's the "nut" of this High School.
Adler simply acts the fool,
But this tendency to rule
As the class "simp," pure and plain,
Makes Adler act the fool—
Has this fellow any brain?

"Caryl" Beitman is so small
Is she a dignified 4-A?
When you dance with her you fall—
"Caryl" Beitman is so small;
But she worries not at all
We feel more than prone to say,
"Caryl" Beitman is so small
Is she a dignified 4-A?

Talisman plays fiddle well—
The trouble is he knows it, too;
It causes his small head to swell
'Cause Talisman plays fiddle well.
But someone ought this lad to tell
That one's own praise is false, not true;
Talisman plays fiddle well
The trouble is he knows it, too.

We always see H. Phillips smile—
Will he smile at exams?



THE OPTIMIST



Phone 7405 Market

SIMON COHEN

Architect

130 BRANFORD PLACE

Newark, N. J.

Of course you know that we have School
Supplies—but don't forget that we carry
a complete quality line of

Favors	Cigars and Pipes
Books	Eversharp Pencils
Stationery	Waterman Pens
Greeting Cards	

B. KOLODIN

520 CLINTON AVENUE

Terrace 2070

TELEPHONE, TERRACE 3974

MORRIS KAPLAN

Manufacturer of High Grade Provisions

Kosher Style

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

202 PRINCE STREET

NEWARK, N. J

His grin and humor are his style
We always see H. Phillips smile—
It's not our purpose to beguile
This fellow by some paltry slams.
We always see H. Phillips smile—
Will he smile at exams?

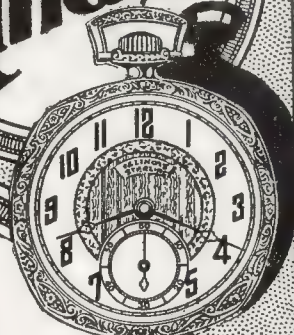
An orator is Hyman Paul,
Will this boy study law?
For words are at his beck and call.
An orator is Hyman Paul,
All fallacies before him fall
And arguments with any flaw.
An orator is Hyman Paul—
Will this boy study law?

"Becky" Abel's very stout,
We hope that she'll get thin;
A glimpse at her and there's no doubt
That "Becky" Abel's very stout.
She'd put economists to rout
If they could see what she "packs" in.
"Becky" Abel's very stout,
We hope that she'll get thin.

"Zeke" Zimmer is a studious guy,
Who revels in the homework books.
This bold assertion none deny—
"Zeke" Zimmer is a studious guy;
His nines and tens do not belie
The fact that marks come not from looks.



**PAY
AFTER
Xmas**



Credit To All at the Christmas Gift Store!

Instead of shopping around for your Christmas presents this year, why not make our store your Christmas store and do all your shopping here? We have gifts for every member of the family, and you can charge your purchases on one bill. Come in and see what we have prepared for you! You will find Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry that are not excelled anywhere. Our Prices are very, very low and our terms of credit will indeed be a great convenience to you. Make our store your Christmas Store this year!

Check the Item You Want to See and Bring this Ad With You

<input type="checkbox"/> Silverware	<input type="checkbox"/> Fountain Pens	<input type="checkbox"/> Vanity Cases	<input type="checkbox"/> Clocks
<input type="checkbox"/> Ivoryware	<input type="checkbox"/> Belt Buckles	<input type="checkbox"/> Watch Chains	<input type="checkbox"/> Watches
<input type="checkbox"/> Emblem Rings	<input type="checkbox"/> Silver Pencils	<input type="checkbox"/> Bar Pins	<input type="checkbox"/> Brooches
<input type="checkbox"/> Diamond Rings	<input type="checkbox"/> Manicure Sets	<input type="checkbox"/> Pearl Necklaces	<input type="checkbox"/> Cigarette Cases
<input type="checkbox"/> Cuff Links	<input type="checkbox"/> Birthday Rings	<input type="checkbox"/> Lavallieres	
<input type="checkbox"/> Wedding Rings	<input type="checkbox"/> Signet Rings	<input type="checkbox"/> Scarf Pins	

Pay Next Year!

Ready cash is not needed because we will be only too glad to give you all the terms of credit you could possibly desire.

JEWELERS OVER 30 YEARS

Lippman's
OPEN EVENINGS

138 Market
Street
GROUND FLOOR

Concerns are warned not to copy this advertisement as it is thoroughly protected and copyrighted.



THE OPTIMIST



What is the difference between an
OPTOMETRIST and an OPTICIST?
None—They both make things brighter

DR. JOSEPH H. SALOV
OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN
Suite 107 to 110, the Albert Building
494 Clinton Avenue Newark, N. J.
Between Bergen St. and Chadwick Ave.

Eyes examined and glasses fitted exclusively
Salov's Sight Service Satisfies

ABRAHAM NELSON

Concert Pianist and Instructor

Teacher of
Hyman Rovinsky, now at Dresden, Ger-
many; Alexander Saidenberg at Vienna,
Austria, and Arthur Klein.
Residence Studio

51 HEDDEN TERRACE
Telephone Bigelow 2051

COMPLIMENTS OF

Ruth Cohen
Ethel Gittinger
Saul Gluckman
Ira Kahn
Milton Krasner
Isabel Lamb
Moe Litwin
Emma Marino
Sam Marx
Hyman Paul

Leonard Reback
Isabel Scheuer
Sylvia See
Adelaide Shaw
Gertrude Singer
Marian Spitz
Sidney Tabankin
Clarence Talisman
Frank Vanderhoof
Marian Van Moppes

"Zeke" Zimmer is a studious guy,
Who revels in the homework books.

Ralph Miller has a funny laugh—
A bellow, so to speak;
It lets him in for loads of chaff.
Ralph Miller has a funny laugh,
It's sort of like a wailing calf,
Tho not so low or weak.
Ralph Miller has a funny laugh,
A bellow, so to speak.

Frank Calabrese is Jayson's pet,
But not the kind you think I mean;

He makes this fellow fume and fret
Tho Calabrese is Jason's pet.
His questions rattle Frank, you bet;
His wrath is stirred it maybe seen;
Frank Calabrese is Jason's pet,
But not the kind you think I mean.

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the Arab
lost on the desert.

Dr. Kennedy (announcing speaker in assembly) :
What Columbus Made Possible—Frank Varmus.



Bertl says

Economy is merely
a matter of thoughtful
purchasing.

The Genuine is always cheaper than
the Imitation.

A Gift from our Stock is a delicate
compliment to the receiver—

Because my name is another way of
saying,

"HIGH QUALITY"

"REASONABLE PRICES"

NORBERT BERTL

The Popular Jeweler and Diamond Expert

44-46 SPRINGFIELD AVE.

Newark

New Jersey

The College of Engineering of

The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade
giving regular 4-year professional en-
gineering courses leading to the degree
of Bachelor of Science in Chemical,
Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year
high school or equivalent work is re-
quired for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to
the young men of Newark and vicinity
an opportunity to get a sound technical
education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are
available to young men of promise who
have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the
Registrar.

THE NEWARK TECHNICAL SCHOOL

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Phone Mulberry 162

Locker Jargon

By Ethel Gittinger

Wonder if this is fourth period?"

"Bound for detention till three."

"See you to-night at the movies."

"Good playing right from the first tee."

"Lorraine took up with some sharpie."

"Graduation is one big thrill."

"Flunked me in Latin at mid-years."

"Said she was tired of Bill."

"Guess we'll eat in the lunch-room."

"How's Ira coming along?"

"Going to buy some new records."

"Picked it up for a song."

"Jimmie's 'the cat's' on the track team."

"You're only allowed one more cut."

"Sorry she threw him over."

"Thinks he owned King Tut."

"Fifteen cents for the social."

"Wooden soldiers all in a row."

"Wish he'd take me to Princeton."

"There's the bell—let's go."

There was a young lady named See,
Who was greatly disturbed by a bee.

She sat on a stone

And proceeded to moan,

Which softened the heart of that bee.

CASTLE'S ICE CREAM

PURER

because

HEATHIZED



SEVENTEEN POWERFUL SCHOOLS

My Name Is Gray!

That means nothing to the business man who wishes office help, but if you say "My name is Gray and I am a Drake graduate"—that does mean something to most employers. It's an introduction—a recommendation to a position. Drakes can do more for you in a given short time than any other Secretarial or Accountancy Schools.



Phone, Call or Write

151 MARKET ST., NEWARK
310 MAIN ST., ORANGE
217 SMITH ST., PERTH AMBOY
120 BROAD ST., ELIZABETH
171 E. FRONT ST., PLAINFIELD
HINCK BUILDING, MONTCLAIR
380 GEORGE ST., NEW BRUNSWICK
Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn, Union Hill, Bayonne and Jersey City

What One High School Boy Did!

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

An East Orange High School boy after school hours sold Ford Cars and did so well that he was engaged as a salesman on graduation.

He Proved to Be the Star Salesman of the Firm

Why not you? Boy or girl can make good. See our Mr. Morgan about it.

Morgan Motor Car Co.

Direct Ford Factory Dealers

1003 BROAD STREET

At Kinney Street

Newark

Phones: Market 1214, 1215

Senior Ads

Stein—Near Beer.
Kluck—Poultry.
Vanderhoof—Horses.
Weiser—Counselor-at-Law.
Mueller—Noodles.
Teimer—Clockmaker.
See—Oculist.
Lamb—Butcher.
Talisman—Good luck charms.
Carter—Liver pills.
Calabrese—Electric fans.
Singer—Vocalist.
Saylor—Navy supplies.
Spiegel—Glazier.
La Plante—Florist.
Cohen—Ice cream cones.
Chrystal—Crystal gazer.
Buchbinder—Books bound and sold.
Marx—International Money Exchange.
Miller—Bakery supplies.

"Ah, ah, a Boxer uprising," said the referee as the Chinese prize-fighter arose at the count of nine.

Isabel Lamb: Do you like tea?

Jack Lee: Yes, but I like the next letter better.

COMPLIMENTS OF

BAKER BROS.

Est. 1914

Terrace 4323

Oldest Reliable Electric and Radio House

"Honest Electric and Radio Service"

Discount to S. S. H. S. Students

454 CLINTON AVENUE

Opp. Fox American Theatre

See Our Windows

Poor Seniors!

This is what we all are shouting—

"Give me an ad!"

'Tis true that often we leave pouting,
Still, this is what we all are shouting.
If someone, then, our hopes are routing

It makes us sad,

For this is what we all are shouting—

"Give me an ad!"

Little words of wisdom,

Little words of bluff

Make the teachers tell us,

"Sit down, that's enough."



THE OPTIMIST



COMPLIMENTS OF

**UNION LIGHTING
FIXTURE CO.**

82 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Leslie Hollander

24 JOHNSON AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

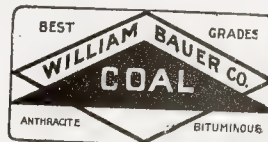
Compliments of

JOSEPH SALPER

Telephone Waverly 0303

QUALITY

SERVICE



Direct from Mines to Consumers

143-153 BADGER AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Ira Kahn is the Sheik of the class,
He has his eye peeled for each lass,
He has wit, humor, charm,
And a girl on each arm,
'Twill be his undoing, alas!

Jack Lee is the man of the hour,
He stands erect like a tower,
He plays fine football,
And that is not all,
He always has time for his flower (?)



Bring your prescriptions here to be absolutely safe. Each prescription doubly checked as filled to insure accuracy.

Stock consistently fresh because of constant replenishment.

Free Deliveries

Phone: Bigelow 1813

Phone: Bigelow 2099

ALFRED REUSCH

Corner

SPRINGFIELD AVE. & SO. 17TH ST.

Newark, N. J.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**OSBORNE DELICATESSEN
AND DAIRY**

307 HAWTHORNE AVENUE

Cor. Osborne Terrace

Free Delivery

Bigelow 2764

JAKE and JOHN SCHREIHOFFER

Business Phone: 6697 Market

Residence Phone: 0284 Waverly

SCHREIHOFFER BROS., Inc.

Dealers in

Provisions, Hams, Shoulders, Tripe,

Bacon, Bolognas, Pigs Feet

and Pork

32 CENTRE MARKET

Newark, N. J.

R. A. Oppel, Prop.

Bigelow 4415

LYONS HARDWARE CO.

Hardware, Paints and House

Furnishings of the Better Kind

264 LYONS AVENUE

Opposite Clinton Place

Newark, N. J.

Sob Stuff

(Rondeau)

By Sydney I. Rusinow

This school of ours will graduate

Its students soon, I must relate,

To whom at such time South Side seems

So lovely that they have queer dreams:

That homework's suited them first rate!

The things they say are rather late

As compliments; when they berate

Their luck, each wails how he esteems

This school of ours.

Enough of that! Let's relegate

Such feelings to some other date,

And better 'round us shed some beams

And make *ours* best of all regimes.

No use! Their sobs must saturate

This school of ours.

Here's Gipfel, he's the class's clown;

He's happy, tho (so others say),

To think his acts bring this renown:

"Here's Gipfel; he's the class's clown;"

At all he does the teachers frown,

Take him to Pop and say each day,

"Here's Gipfel; he's the class's clown;"

He's happy, tho,—so others say.

There was a young man, Hyman Paul,
Who for a certain young lady did fall,
He phones her each day,
To be sure she's O.K.;
It's a great life if you don't weaken, eh Paul?





Cadillac RESTAURANT

An Event to be Compared!

The opening of the most beautiful eating place in
the State of New Jersey

The *Cadillac* Restaurant

760-762 Broad Street

Near Market St.

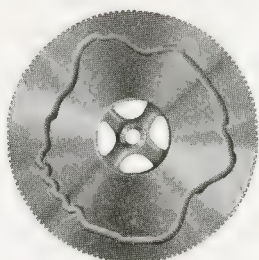
Where the finest quality food will be served at
moderate prices

24 Hour Service



HERMAN F. BEHRENDT

Gears and Cams



22 GREEN ST.
NEWARK, N. J.



AUTOMOBILE GEARS

of all kinds at short notice. Also Elliptical Gears and Chucks. Internal Gears of every description. Gear work of this character requires facilities not to be found in the ordinary machine shop.

SPECIAL MACHINERY

We specialize on Designing and Building Special Machinery for Particular Purposes.

We Have a Fully Equipped and Modern Plant.

In "Ruddie," there's no place for gloom,
She's as gay as a flower in bloom,
Day in and day out,
We hear some teacher shout,
"Please, sit in the front of the room."

Leonard Rebach and work don't agree,
That's a fact that all persons can see,
At just half-past eight
"Len" comes rushing in late,
With, "Who'll loan to-day's homework to me?"

There was a young girl, "Marie" Spitz,
Whose fun in class was throwing fits,
But this ailment was cured
When some persons conjured
Teaching fitful young "Marie" the "Ritz."

Heard In Gym

Miss Pearce: Has any girl a watch with a second hand?

Emma Marino (shouting from other end of gym): Yes! I have a second-hand watch.

Heard In Zoology

Ethel Gittinger: Leonora, will you lend me your nervous system?

Lenora Feuchter: I'm sorry, I just loaned it to some one.

Telephone Waverly 8592

A. POLLNER & SON

Fancy Delicatessen and Groceries

We cater to Clubs and Parties

409 CLINTON AVENUE

Bet. Ridgewood and Badger Avenues
Newark, N. J.

Herb Ellend surely takes the prize
For what poetry he's writing.
Everyone in South cries,
"Herb Ellend surely takes the prize;
He can rime whate'er he tries."
In describing peace or fighting
Herb Ellend surely takes the prize,
For, *what* poetry he's writing!

There was a young man named Max,
Who sat on a package of tacks.
He exclaimed, "Without doubt
I am greatly put out!"
Which did not alter the facts.



Telephone Waverly 5983

H. A. KEMPER, Ph.G.

Prescription Pharmacist

783 CLINTON AVENUE
Between 16th and 17th Streets
We Deliver Anything Anywhere



Jeffy Electrical Shoppe

LIGHTING FIXTURES

APPLIANCES

LAMPS

GENERAL CONTRACTING

**Call Waverly 9585 ANY TIME for
Electric Service**

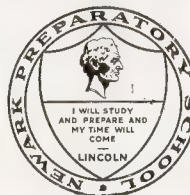
"Jeffy Works in a Jiffy"

1004 BERGEN STREET
Between Mapes and Shephard Aves.
Newark, N. J.

Distinguishing Features

Louis Rotberg—Haircomb.
Ira Kahn—Marcel wave.
Lorraine Saylor—Voice.
Isabelle Scheuer—Eyes.
Mary Jacobs—Lisp.
Milton Krasner—Nose.
Genevieve Kluck—Dimples.
Gertrude Singer—Curls.
Benjamin Steinberg—Ears.
Mildred Ellison—Hair.
Herbert Ellend—Legs.

NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL



*Complete High School
Course in Two Years*

*Accountancy and
Secretarial Training in
One Year*

HOW IS SO MUCH ACCOMPLISHED?

The following question is so often asked: "How is it possible to complete the four year High School course in two years or the Secretarial Training and Accountancy courses in one year?"

The answer is:—

1. By the Superior Grade of Instruction.
2. Elimination of Non-Essentials.
3. Singleness of Aim.
4. Concentration.
5. Supervised Study.
6. By Training How to Study.

**School is
open through-
out the year.**

For a more detailed plan of the system used at the Newark Preparatory School, see Catalog N.

Catalog 6 N describes the plan of study in the Commercial Department.

Both catalogs will be sent on request.

NEWARK PREPARATORY SCHOOL
1030 Broad Street, Market 6120
Newark, N. J.

A happy girl is Isabel,
As on and on she talks.
What she says we cannot tell—
A happy girl is Isabel.
She talks of dances, boys and belles
As thru the halls she walks.
A happy girl is Isabel,
As on and on she talks.

Sylvia is a brilliant lass,
Who excels in chemistry;
In fact, all subjects she does pass—
Sylvia is a brilliant lass.
But did you ever see "en Masse"
Her friends who helped her so to be?
Sylvia is a brilliant lass,
Who excels in chemistry.



J. J. CURLEY

367 SOUTH ORANGE AVENUE, CITY

I Specialize in

**Class Rings and Pins, Waltham and Elgin
Watches**

Watch and Jewelry Repairing

20 Per Cent. Discount to Graduates

Christmas Gifts

FOR THE MOTORIST

A Large Selection of Useful Gifts
That Are Appreciated

**Peerless Auto Supply
Co.**

71 ELIZABETH AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Tel. Bigelow 1449

COMPLIMENTS OF

**South Side High
Girl Reserves**

Y. W. C. A.



THE OPTIMIST



Compliments of a Friend

KRASNER & HERMAN

Real Estate and Insurance

800 BROAD STREET



CRITERION MUSIC SHOP

87 ELIZABETH AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Victor—Vocalion—Okeh Records

Music Rolls, Sheet Music, Instruments
Century Edition

COMPLIMENTS OF

GERSTEN, DAVID
ERSTEN, EMANUEL
ERBER, HARRY

Former Students

**Newman's Prescription Drug
Store**

M. D. Newman, Ph.G.

328 HAWTHORNE AVENUE
"at Huntington Terrace"

"NEWMAN"

"Your Family Druggist
He is Always at your Service"

COMPLIMENTS OF

JERSEY FOOD CO.

Groceries

120 MULBERRY STREET

Near Market Street

Xmas Gifts

For all the family at lowest prices

at

FRED KESSEL'S

513 CLINTON AVENUE

Next to Clinton Trust Co.

The Daily Bread of Thousands

Sweet Marie

and

Pure Seed Rye

BREAD

Fischer Baking Co.

NEWARK, N. J.



Modern Photography

BY THE

CRESCENT STUDIO

33% Discount to South Side
High School Students at any time

839 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Open Sundays and Holidays

S. OKIN, Proprietor



Phone Market 9430

Newark's Favorite Flower Shop

WASHINGTON FLORIST
Floral Designers and Decorators

577 BROAD STREET
And Central Avenue

Newark, N. J.

Flowers Delivered Everywhere Through
Our Telegraph Delivery Association
on Short Notice

Waverly 5169

Market 8089

STEIN & KALISKY

Painters and Decorators

271 CLINTON AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Tel. Waverly 4620

JOS. SCHLOSBERG

Delicatessen and Fancy Groceries

553 CLINTON AVENUE

Orders Delivered

Phone Market 6436

A. C. Vail, Prop.

The NEWARK ROOFING CO.

General Roofing Contractors

Painting and Waterproofing Roofs Our
Specialty

Repairing and Painting Tin Roofs

All work guaranteed satisfactory and at
specified time.

2 COTTAGE STREET

Just off Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.

CLINTON TRUST CO.

515 CLINTON AVENUE

Capital and Surplus
over \$600,000

Resources over \$8,000,000

Consult our Trust Department
in reference to your will

Safe Deposit Boxes

CHARLES G. MILLER

AUTOMOBILE

PAINTING

LETTERING

High-Class Work

Estimates Cheerfully Given

18 FRELINGHUYSEN AVENUE

Newark, N. J.

Phone 4795 Waverly



Care and Precision

You Must Exercise Both If You Would Become Proficient In
Your Studies

Care and Precision

Is Our Rule In The Making of All Engravings
It Is The Secret of Our Success

DAY and NIGHT SERVICE

The **ESSEX ENGRAVING CO.**

Photo Engravers

44 BRANFORD PLACE, NEWARK

We are equipped
to give you the best
and most dependable
optitonal service
obtainable.



"A trial will convince you"

F. H. ROEVER, Jr.
OPTOMETRIST, OPTICIAN

Hayes Circle
CLINTON AT ELIZABETH AVE.
Newark, N. J.

Open evenings except Wednesday

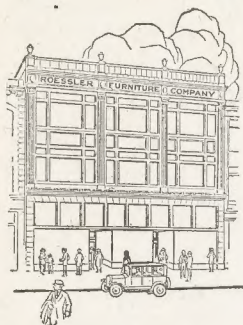
HOWELL'S Real Bakery

=====

S. S. H. S.'S POPULAR
LUNCH ROOM

=====

110 Elizabeth Avenue



The Roessler Furniture Building

at 886-888-890 Broad St.

This beautiful building, devoted in its entirety to the furniture, rug, carpet and bedding business, was opened to the public, Monday, November 26.

We will appreciate your visit, even though you may not be ready to buy, so that you may see for yourself the character of furniture we carry.

Beautiful suites of artistic design and sturdy construction—an unusual variety of odd pieces—the prettiest you ever saw—and at remarkably low prices.

You needn't come to buy, but your visit may suggest some things that you need to add to the comfort and beauty of your home.

And we do want to become acquainted.

Roessler

FURNITURE COMPANY
888 BROAD STREET-NEWARK

Telephone Waverly 7358

MAX BRAUNSTEIN

Furrier

Furs Repaired and Remodeled

560 CLINTON AVENUE

at Hedden Terrace

NEWARK, N. J.

